THE CABINET,

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

POLITE LITERATURE.

NO. V. OF THE NEW SERIES.

MAY, 1809.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MONSIEUR ARMAND VESTRIS, FROM A PAINTING BY MR. GODELET, ENGRAVEN BY MR. MEYER.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Portrait of M. G. Lewis, Esq. will be fouud in our next number; and a Portrait of Madame Angiolini, will be given as a companion to that of Monsieur Vestris.

Detector is as far from the mark in his conjecture who is the present Editor of the Cabinet, as Mr. Allseer in the story.

We did not receive the Norwich Theatricals, of which our correspondent speaks.

Domesticus, "Adultery," I. R. and S. F. are received.

Errata in the last Number.

P. L.

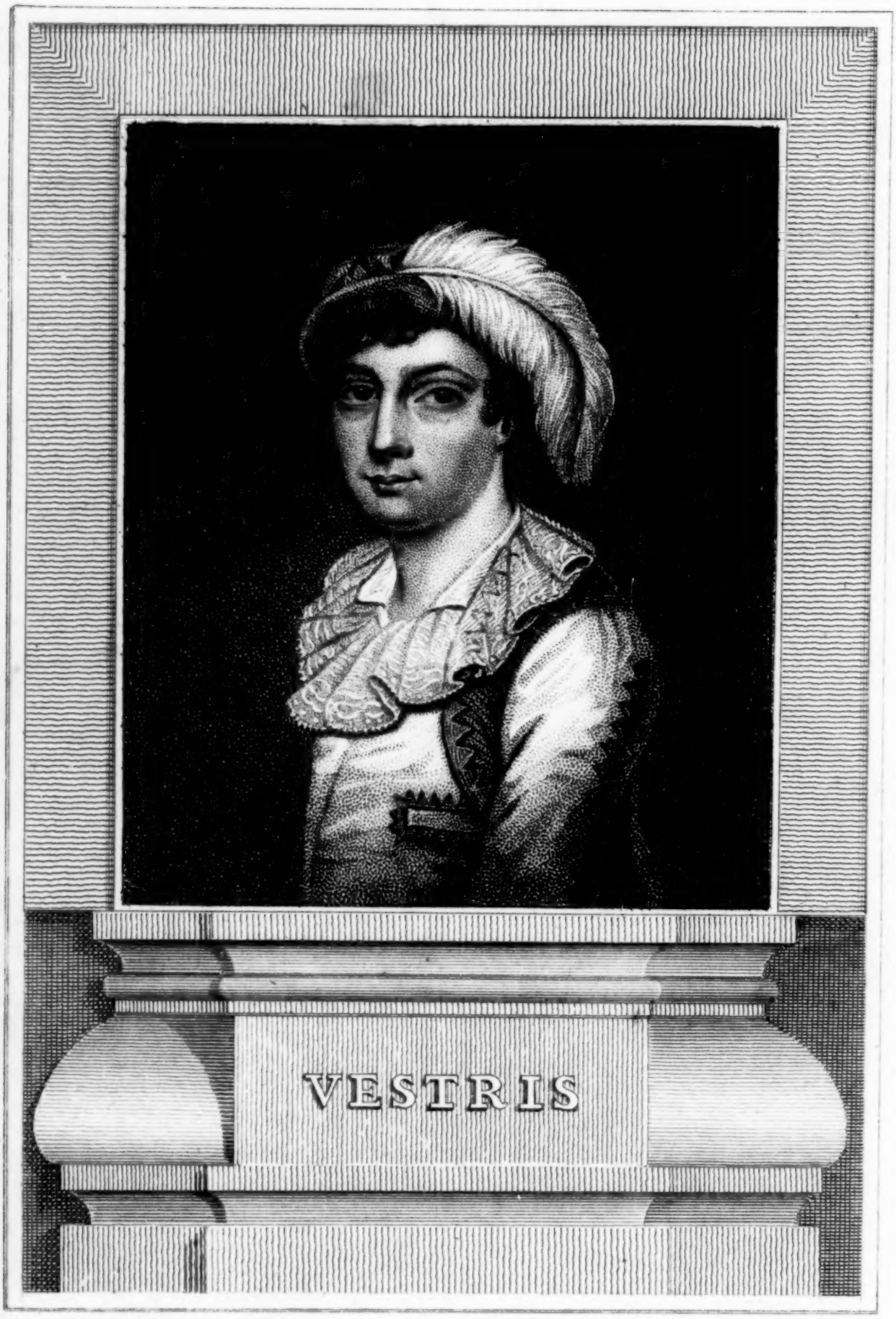
285——30 *for* all on the plain, *read* me on the plain.

343——13 *read* King Rodrigo's fall is, like the former, a translation, &c.

348——12 Put a comma after Cœlebs.

352——16 *dele* 7

357——12 *dele* British Gallery.



J. F. Godelet pinx.t *H. Meyer sculp.*

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THE

CABINET,

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MONSIEUR ARMAND VESTRIS.

ARMAND VESTRIS, the pupil and worthy rival of Auguste Vestris, his father, was born at Paris on the 3rd of May 1787; and made his first public appearance as a dancer in that capital at the age of thirteen years. He was presented to the public by his father and his grandfather. The latter, who had acquired the appellation of the God of Dance, had already quitted the stage on account of his advanced age, but came forward once more upon this gratifying occasion. All Paris repaired to the theatre to see the three Vestrises in the same ballet; and Armand Vestris was, by unanimous consent, adjudged the crown.

Armand Vestris has since, in his visits to Milan, Madrid, and Lisbon, invariably carried away the admiration of even those who pretended to rival him. The possession of a talent, so superior as his, necessarily became a desirable object with all the capitals of Europe; but he gave the preference to London, "le centre des arts," and always the most liberal rewarder of merit. He made his first appearance at the King's Theatre in a *pas de deux* with Madame Angiolini, on the 6th of January last, and has been the load-star of the Opera House during the whole season.

This surprising dancer unites to the vivacity, lightness, and vigour of his father in the pastoral ballet, the grace, *aplomb* and dignity of his grand-father in the serious ballet; and altogether presents to the public an union till now unknown of the perfections of every style of dancing, and so prolific a variety of steps, that the ravished beholder fancies he is witnessing a new dancer, when he is only seeing another performance of Armand Vestris.

The extent of Monsieur Vestris's feats are an *entre-chat de dix*, and a *pirouette de douze* or *treize*. His *entre-chats de huit* are the most brilliant that have ever been seen, and his *pirouette* the most perfect, whether he begins it with velocity and terminates it in slow attitudes, or begins it slow and terminates it in an *entrechat de six en tournant*.

Armand Vestris joins to his talents as a dancer, a genius for ballet-composition; and on Thursday the 11th of the present month, the benefit-night of Monsieur Vestris, the public will have an opportunity of witnessing a grand ballet, called "Le Calif de Bagdad," which he has worked up with much ingenuity from the story of Horoun Alraschid, in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and in which he will play the principal character.

THE LETTERS OF DE CLAIRVILLE.

LETTER THE SECOND.

De Clairville to Rinaldo.

Welmoth Hall, March 15, 1809.

EARLY to morrow morning, Rinaldo, I shall bid adieu to Wales and solitude. As the time of my departure draws nigh, I grow hourly more restless; and though I should consider an obstacle which would only retard my journey for a day longer, as a more serious evil than any I have yet suffered, I can scarcely forbear trembling with anxiety and terror, when I anticipate its commencement, nor from wishing that some unforeseen event would chain me against my inclination to the tranquillity of my native mountains. What is the cause of these strange sensations? of feelings so contradictory, that I am impelled to wonder and to laughter whenever their operation makes me sensible of their existence? Is there something so fascinating in the scenes around me, something so repelling in the thoughts of London and my cousin Julia, that enchantment seems endeavouring to bind me to a spot, which a few weeks ago I imagined nothing would

give me so much pleasure as to quit? or am I to suppose that these contending passions are ominous of future miseries, and that the gloom of the present moment is prophetic of the storms which shall agitate my future life? It may be so. And yet with a disposition to enjoy, and with every means of pleasure in my power, why should I fear that my expectations of happiness will terminate in disappointment, and that the experience of a few years will not enable me to give the lie to the many predictions I have heard of the miseries of human life? I thank you for your last letter. You suppose rightly, my friend, when you imagine, that I shall, if it be ever in my power, religiously fulfil the last wish of my father respecting my unfortunate mother. The only occurrence which makes me recollect her was, that she one morning called me into her dressing-room, and taking me fondly in her arms, wept violently, and kissed and blessed me with the tenderest affection. In a few hours afterwards, as I have been told, she saw my father for the last time. From that time till the hour of death, he constantly avoided mentioning her name; and I could gain no further information of this mournful event which embittered the remainder of his life, and brought on that lingering disease which finally deprived me of a valuable parent. This evening I set out with a resolution to visit a favourite acquaintance, whom I have known from my earliest youth, and who at the age of eighty-four presents the pleasing picture of a tranquil old age. The chilling hand of Time has afflicted him with rheumatic pains, has affected his hearing, and deprived him of the sight of one eye; yet the temperance of a long life, passed constantly in the country, and spent in rural occupations, has left on his fine countenance the ruddiness of youth united with the placidity and experience of fourscore years. He neither torments his family by that querulous peevishness, those pitiful complaints against modern manners, which make age so odious; nor renders the evening of existence miserable, by endeavouring to depreciate a world which he knows he will soon be compelled to leave, and by affecting to despise those pleasures, which appear hateful and worthless only because he can no longer enjoy them. This worthy man

was formerly gamekeeper to my father; and to relate his exploits and adventures in the field is a topic, on which, like other old sportsmen, he dwells with peculiar complacency. The management of a farm which he has long held as a tenant under the Duke of ———, he has lately assigned to a nephew, in whose family, consisting of a wife and four children, he now resides, at the distance of about two miles from Welmoth Hall. The fire of a village patriot still animates his bosom, when he hears or speaks of the successes of our army or navy; and he is no less partial to Old England, than he dislikes its greatest enemy Napoleon. This evening I found the old man sitting on a bench near his house, watching the descent of the sun, as in a resplendent canopy of golden cloud, it slowly descended towards the western horizon. I seated myself beside him, told him of my intented journey, and entered into general conversation. Complimenting him upon his good looks, "You will live to the age of ninety, William," said I: "Ah!" replied he shaking his head, "I should be loth to live so long; infirmities keep increasing, and all the pleasure of life is over, long before one arrives to that age. If it would please God to pardon my sins, I should not mind how soon I went to my grave."—"Enviable happy old man," said I, when I had bidden him farewell, "should it be my lot to reach so distant a boundary of human existence, may I be blest with the same resignation and tranquillity of temper, and be enabled to review days that are passed with the like satisfaction and with humble hopes of future felicity." The fineness of the evening tempting me to lengthen my walk, I entered a circuitous road which led me to our boat-house on the eastern-side of the lake, and as by frequent practice with my father, who constantly kept a boat for my diversion, I was become a very expert rower, I pushed "the Sally," from her retreat, and rowing to some distance from the shore, I rested on my oars and gave the reins to imagination. The shadows of approaching night had already begun to brighten the unruffled surface of the water; the sound of a clarinet from a distant cottage, and the noise of some water-hens, that were sailing before me, were the only sounds that broke a silence so favourable to meditation. How shall

I describe to you the floating ideas that passed over my mind? I might say with Rousseau, when on the lake of Brienne, that I enjoyed "a thousand confused yet delicious reveries," and yet I wondered at the inconsistency of my own heart, which, though pleased and contented for one instant, was, the next, conscious of a secret restlessness which broke the charm of that felicity I was attempting to form. In the contemplation of nature, however, I find an irresistible influence which operates variously upon the mind, agreeably to the variety of scenery which produces the effect. In surveying a wild and romantic prospect, my soul feels expanded with a love of virtue and of glory. I reflect on those renowned warriors who have immortalised their names by heroic actions, and on those sovereign conquerors, whose ambition has deluged the earth with blood perhaps more valuable than their own; and, forgetful for a moment of the calamities which war, the greatest scourge of Heaven, brings upon the human race, I pant to run a career which should command the applause of succeeding ages, and to wreathe my brows with the unfading laurel of conquest and victory. In these heroic moments, imagination flies to battles and to sieges. Sometimes I cross rivers at the head of my troops in the face of a numerous enemy: after taking the most prudent measures, I attack them with impetuosity, rout them after a desperate conflict, and cover the field with dead and wounded. Superior to the allurements of pleasure, I prefer the supper of Curius*, and the bed of Charles the XIIth before Frederickstadt, to those feasts of luxury and beds of down, which contract the enjoyments of life, extend the dominion of sense, and where the energy of man is lost in the effeminacy of a woman and the love of inglorious ease. Would to God, my friend, that these moments of imaginary power, when the sensual passions yield to the authority of inanimate objects, could preserve their influence through succeeding years! Would to God, that my future career might be as brilliant as that of those virtuous warriors whose names shall command the veneration of ages till history and the world expire together! It is in the con-

* Curius was found by the Samnites, who came to offer him gold, supping on turnips.

templation of cultivated nature, when in the fine evenings of summer I behold a fertile and extended country, varied with woods, houses, and fields loaded with the fruits of agricultural labour, that I feel myself most disposed to the tranquillity of domestic happiness. I then consider the pursuits of ambition as childish and vain, the toils of those who tread in the paths of glory as a useless abridgment of those tranquil pleasures which appear to constitute the true felicity of man. I was exactly in this frame of mind, Rinaldo, an hour ago, upon the lake. For a moment I felt inclined to relinquish my journey, and devote myself to a country-life of peace and serenity. But the noise of some wild ducks which flew over my head disturbed my reverie, and London, with all the pleasures of novelty, soon determined me to hesitate no longer. "If superior happiness," said I to myself, "is not to be found in the gaiety and tumult of public life, why is the smoke of crowded cities so often preferred before the stillness of retirement, by those whom independence leaves at liberty to make the most prudent choice? Surely the road on which greater numbers travel is most likely to be the right one." Full of this reflection, I returned home, and found my servant John finishing the package of his last trunk. This John, whom I have lately hired as a footman, is a young country fellow about twenty years of age, of great strength of body, an excellent temper, and of the utmost simplicity of manners. He is delighted at the thoughts of seeing the metropolis, and for the last few days has been so completely happy amongst cords and portmanteaus, that, determined to prolong his felicity to the last moment, he emptied the contents of two boxes, that were ready for the nail and hammer, merely for the pleasure of packing them over again, and I had not the cruelty to interrupt him. He very frequently imagines how eagerly the Londoners will enquire of him the manners of a country-life: and is full of the ideas of the importance he shall acquire when relating to an astonished crowd the rules of his mother's dairy, and the daily occurrences of a farm-yard.

Your's, my Rinaldo,

HENRY DE CLAIRVILLE.

[*To be continued.*]

SELECTIONS

FROM

ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.

No. IV.

GEORGE WITHER.

SONG.

A lad, whose faith will constant prove
And never know an end,
Late by an oversight in love
Displeas'd his dearest friend.
For which, incens'd she did retake
The favours, which he wore;
And said, he never for her sake
Should wear or see them more.

The grief whereof, how near it went,
And how unkindly took,
Was figur'd by his discontent
Appearing in his look.
At first he could not silence break,
So heavy sorrow lay;
But when his sighs gave way to speak,
Thus sadly did he say.

"My only dear,"—and with that speech,
Not able to sustain
The floods of grief at sorrow's breach,
He paus'd awhile again.
At length, nigh fainting, did express
These words with much ado;
"O dear! let not my love's excess
Me and my love undo."

She, little moved with his pain,
His much distraction ey'd,
And, changing love into disdain,
Thus, still unkind, replied;

" Forbear to urge one kindness more,
Unless you long to see
The good respect you had before
At once all lost in me."

With that, dismay'd, his suit he ceas'd,
And down his head he hung;
And, as his reason's strength decreas'd,
His passion's grew more strong.
But seeing she did slight his moan,
With willow garlands wreath'd,
He sat him down, and, all alone,
This sad complaint he breath'd:

" Oh heav'ns!" quoth he, " why do we spend
Endeavours thus in vain,
Since what the fates do fore-intend
They never change again?
Nor faith, nor love, nor true-desert,
Nor all that man can do,
Can win him place within her heart,
That is not born thereto.

" Why do I fondly waste my youth
In secret sighs and tears?
Why, to preserve a spotless truth,
Waste I so many cares?
For women that no worth respect
Do so ungrateful prove,
That some shall win by their neglect
What others lose by love.

" Those that have set the best at naught,
And no man could enjoy,
At last by some base gull are caught,
And gotten with a toy.
Yea, they that spend an age's light
Their favours to obtain,
For one unwilling oversight
May lose them all again.

" How glad and fain alas would I
For her have underwent
The greatest care, ere she should try
The smallest discontent?

Yet she that may my life command,
And doth those passions know,
Denieth me a poor demand
In height of all my woe.

" Oh! if the noblest of her time,
And best belov'd of me,
Could for so poor, so slight a crime,
So void of pity be,
Sure had it been some common one,
Whose patience I had tried,
No wonder I had been undone,
Or, unforgiven, died.

" A thousand lives I would have laid,
So well I once believ'd
She would have deign'd to lend me aid
If she had seen me griev'd.
But now I live to see the day
Where I presumed so;
I neither dare for pity pray,
Nor tell her of my woe.

" Yet let not, poor despised heart,
Her worth aught question'd be;
Had'st thou not failed in desert,
She had not failed thee.
But lest perhaps they flout thy moan,
That should esteem thee dear,
Go, make it by thyself alone
Where none may come to hear.

" Still keep thy forehead crown'd with smiles,
What passions e'er thou try,
That none may laugh at thee the whiles
Thou discontented lie.
And let no wrong, by change distain
A love so truly fair;
But rather, never hope again,
And thou shalt ne'er despair."

SONG.

O'ertir'd by cruel passions that oppress me,
With heart nigh-broken Time no hope would give me,
Upon my bed I laid me down to rest me,
And gentle sleep I wooed to relieve me.
But oh! alas, I found that on the morrow,
My sleeping joys brought forth my waking sorrow.

For lo! a dream I had so full of pleasure,
That to possess what to embrace I seemed
Could not effect my joy in higher measure
Than now it grieves me that I have but dreamed.
Oh! let my dreams be sighs and tears hereafter,
So I that sleeping weep may wake in laughter.

Fain would I tell how much that shadow pleas'd me;
But tongue and pen want words, and art in telling;
Yet this I'll say, to shew what horror seiz'd me
When I was robb'd of bliss so much excelling;
Might all my dreams be such, oh! let me never
Awake again, but sleep and dream for ever!

For when I waking saw myself deceived,
And what an inward hell it had procured;
To find myself of all my joys bereaved,
It brought on passions not to be endured;
And, knew I next night had such dreams in keeping,
I'd make my eyes forswear for ever sleeping.

SONG.

You woody hills, you dales, you groves,
You floods, and every spring,
You creatures come whom nothing moves,
And hear a shepherd sing.
For to heroes, nymphs and swains,
I long have made my moan;
Yet what my mournful verse contains
Is understood of none.

In song Apollo give me skill;
Their love his sisters deign;
With those that haunt Parnassus' hill,
I friendship entertain;
Yet this is all in vain to me,
So haplessly I fare,
As those things which my glory be
My cause of ruin are.

For love hath kindled in my breast
His never-quenched fire;
And I, who often have express'd
What other men desire,
(Because I could so dive into
The depth of others' moan)
Now I my own affliction shew,
I heeded am of none.

Oft have the nymphs of greatest worth
Made suit my songs to hear;
As oft (when I have sighed forth
Such notes as saddest were)
"Alas!" said they, "poor gentle heart,
Whoe'er that shepherd's be;"
But none of them suspects my smart,
Nor thinks it meaneth me.

When I have reach'd so high a strain
Of passion in my song,
That they have seen the tears to rain
And trill my cheek along,
Instead of sigh or weeping eye
To sympathize with me,
"Oh! were he once in love," they cry,
"How moving would he be!"

Oh! pity me, you pow'rs above,
And take my skill away;
Or let my hearers think I love,
And feign not what I say.
For if I could disclose the smart
Which I unknown do bear,
Each line would make them sighs impart,
And ev'ry word a tear.

Had I a mistress, some do think,
She would revealed be;
And I would favours wear, or drink
Her health upon my knee.
Alas, poor fools! they aim awry,
Their fancy flags too low:
Could they my love's rare course espy,
They would amazed grow.

But let nor nymph nor swain conceive
  My tongue shall ever tell
Who of this rest doth me bereave,
  Or where I am not well.
But if you sighing me espy
  Where rarest features be,
Mark where I fix a weeping eye,
  And swear you, there is she.

Yet, ere my eyes betray me shall,
  I'll swell and burst with pain;
And for each drop they would let fall,
  My heart shall bleed me twain.
For since my soul more sorrow bears
  Than common lovers know,
I scorn my passions should, like theirs,
  A common humour shew.

Ear never heard of heretofore
  Of any love like mine;
Nor shall there be for evermore
  Affection so divine.
And that to feign it none may try
  When I dissolv'd must be,
The first I am it lived by,
  And die it shall with me.

ON THE ALTERATIONS OF SHAKSPEARE.

LETTER THE FIRST.

" He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
" That fashion'd others." HENRY IV. PART II.

Of all the fashions which have prevailed in the dramatic world, scarcely any has been so common as the love of alteration. To such an extent has this system been carried, that the finest works of our best authors have been despoiled of their beauties at the pleasure or caprice of every paltry scribbler. Some of the plays of Massinger, Fletcher, or Wycherly, I confess, are not fit

to be represented without some alteration; but even these it requires no common judge of dramatic writing to alter or curtail. Of the havock that has been made with Shakspeare, few are aware: to such a length has this love of alteration been carried, that scarcely any of his plays are, or for the last century have been, represented without copious omissions or additions, made at the pleasure and caprice of those managers and prompters who think themselves perfectly qualified to amend and correct Shakspeare.

I believe Dryden and Sir William D'Avenant were the first who set this example. Dryden certainly had the highest opinion of Shakspeare's genius, and he was almost the first who estimated aright the merits of our immortal bard. It is evident enough from various parts of his writings, that he thought Shakspeare the first of dramatic poets, although the fashion of the times, which was then decidedly in Jonson's favour, prevented him from allotting to Shakspeare the high station he deserved. Dryden thus speaks of him: "Shakspeare was the man who of all modern, and perhaps of ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them, not laboriously, but luckily: when he describes any thing, you more than see it, you feel it too*." But Dryden never dared to mention Shakspeare more than as the equal of Jonson, when he had occasion to speak of them together. Thus, in the dialogue just quoted, when Eugenius asks whether "all writers, both French and English, ought not to give way to Jonson," Neander, under which name Dryden meant to represent himself, answers that "he thought Shakspeare and Fletcher were his rivals in poetry, and one of them at least his equal."

Yet all this veneration for his immortal predecessor could not restrain Dryden from altering his plays. The first he attempted was the Tempest. This play had been acted at the Blackfryars' theatre with great success, and we have reason to believe it ranked very high in public estimation, since Fletcher borrowed several of its principal featores for one of his pieces. "Those," says Dryden, "who have seen the Sea Voyage, may easily

* Dialogue on Dramatic Poetry.

discern that it was a copy of Shakspeare's Tempest *." Sir John Suckling too has taken several ideas from it in his play of the Goblins. But Sir William D'Avenant first suggested to Dryden the idea of a counterpart to the original plot, namely, that of a man who had never seen a woman, which seems to have so pleased him that he says, "I never writ any thing with more delight†." This altered play, as well as the original one, was performed with a success, some part of which is perhaps attributable to the excellent music of Purcell, who was employed by Dryden to set it. His example has not wanted followers. The Tempest, thus altered, having kept possession of the stage for many years, Garrick undertook again to new-model and transform it, a task in which he certainly did not display much either of genius or dramatic taste; for, as his biographer Murphy observes, he who had just before boasted that it was his wish to "lose no drop" of Shakspeare, here lost a whole tun of him. Garrick's Tempest was soon stilled. Another alteration of this play appeared at Drury-Lane, a year or two ago, in which poor Shakspeare was presented to the public "with new scenes, dresses, and decorations," or in other words, tricked out in a puppet-shew suit; this piece like the others amused for a time, but is now "numbered with the dead." Such have been the various liberties that have been taken with Shakspeare's Tempest, such the different forms in which it has been offered to the public; and it is no small proof of the beauty and excellence of the original, that under every disguise it has attracted attention and commanded applause.

The next play that Dryden undertook to revise and correct was Troilus and Cressida, which, so little was the biographical arrangement of Shakspeare's pieces then understood, he imagined to be one of his first productions; and though this conjecture was very erroneous, he gives it as a reason for the "ungrammatical, coarse and figurative expressions," which he says abound in it, and made it a more proper subject for him to revise than any of the "latter plays." Dryden has been

* Preface to the Tempest. † Ibid.

very liberal in his alterations here. "I new-modelled the plot," says he, "threw out many unnecessary persons, improved those characters which were begun and left unfinished, as Hector, Troilus, Pandarus, and Thersites, and added that of Andromache. I made, with no small trouble, an order and connection of the scenes, removing them from places where they were unartificially set, and have so ordered them, that there is a coherence of them one with another, and a dependance on the main design. I need not say that I have refined his language which before was obsolete: but I am willing to acknowledge that as I have often drawn his English nearer to our times, so I have often conformed my own to his. The scenes of Pandarus and Cressida, of Troilus and Pandarus, of Andromache with Hector and the Trojans, in the second act, are wholly new, together with that of Nestor and Ulysses with Thersites, and that of Thersites with Ajax and Achilles. The scenes of Pandarus and the lovers in the third act are altered, as well as that between Troilus and Hector, which is almost half the act. The beginning scenes of the fourth act are either added, or wholly changed by me; the middle of it is Shakspeare altered and mingled with my own, three or four of the last scenes are altogether new, and the whole fifth act, both plot and writing, are my own additions*." Such are Dryden's alterations. From a comparison of the two plays it will appear, and indeed it is pretty evident from what Dryden himself says, that not much of Shakspeare's play remained. It does not appear that with all these revisions and corrections of language and plot, the play ever became a favourite acting piece, although the original had been frequently performed at the Globe Theatre, as the title page to the quarto edition, dated 1609, states.

I shall in some future Number pursue this subject, and notice the different plays which have been taken from Shakspeare.

T.

April 1, 1809.

* Preface to Troilus and Cressida.

ON THE POETRY OF CHAUCER,
and more particularly of the Canterbury Tales.

LETTER THE THIRD *.

" Anglia Chaucerum veneratur nostram poetam,
" Cui veneres debet patria lingua suas."

LELAND. *Encomia illust. Virorum.*

THE great and intrinsic excellence of the Canterbury Tales has induced several of our best poets to endeavour to clothe them in a garb more intelligible to modern readers than that of Chaucer. This is not at all to be wondered at, since they contain the best and the most lively descriptions of the manners, customs, and habits of the times in which they were written, clothed in the language, and adorned with the graces, of true poetry. Mr. Ogle in 1741 collected those versions which had been made, and added several of his own, but the only complete modern version of which we are possessed, was made by Mr. Lipscomb in 1795, in three small octavo volumes. His edition comprises the translations of Dryden, Pope, Ogle and Betterton ; and of those which remained untranslated he has given versions. Of course, those which he has modernized are the least attractive, for the above-mentioned gentlemen had, naturally enough, gleaned what they considered to be the best. A complete version was however much to be desired, and Mr. Lipscomb has performed his task with very considerable credit to himself. The tales which remained for him to modernize are the following: the Doctor's, the Pardoner's, the Franklin's, the Prioress's, the Shipman's, the rhyme of Sir Thopas, the Monk's, the second Nun's, the Manciple's, the Canon's Yeoman's, and Chaucer's prose tale, Melibæus. In addition to these Mr. Lipscomb has given the tale of the Nun's Priest, which he says he did not know that Dryden had versified. This, if true, and we have no reason to disbelieve it, is cer-

* For the two former Letters, see the Old Series of the Cabinet.

tainly very strange; it gives us however an opportunity of comparing Dryden's version with Mr. L.'s, from which it will appear, not that the latter is bad, but that the former is superlatively excellent; for, as has been justly observed, "he has given us more than we have a right to require of a translator." In order to judge of the respective merits of these versions, I shall give an extract from Chaucer, with only the spelling modernized, with the same passage as translated by Dryden and by Lipscomb.

" A poor widow, somdel stoupen in age,
Was whilom dwelling in a narr'w cottage,
Beside a grové, standing in a dale;
This widow, which I tell you of my tale,
Since thilke day that she was last a wife,
In patience led a full simple life;
For little was her cattle and her rent,
By husbandry of which as God her sent,
She found herself, and eke her daughters two.
Three largé sowés had she, and no moe,
Three kine, and eke a sheep that highté Malle;
Full sooty was her bow'r, and eke her hall,
In which she ate of many a slender meal:
Of poignant sauce she never knew a deal,
No dainty morsel passed thro' her throat,
Her diet was according to her coat,
Repletion ne never made her sick,
A temp'rate diet was all her physic;
And exercise, and hearté's suffisance,
The gouté let her nothing for to dance,
Nor apoplexy shenté not her head;
No wine ne drank she, neither white nor red.
Her board was served most with white and black,
Milk and brown bread in which she found no lack;
Sing'd bacon, and sometimes an egg or tway,
For she was as it were a manner day."

The following is Dryden's version:

" There liv'd, as authors tell, in days of yore,
A widow somewhat old, and very poor.
Deep in a dell her cottage lonely stood,
Well thatch'd, and under cover of a wood.

This dowager, on whom my tale I found,
Since last she laid her husband in the ground,
A simple sober life in patience led,
And had but just enough to buy her bread.
But housewifing the little heav'n had sent,
She duly paid a groat for quarter's rent,
And pinch'd her belly, and her daughters' too,
To bring the year about with much ado.
The cattle in her homestead were three sows,
An ewe called Mally, and three brinded cows.
Her parlour-window stuck with herbs around
Of sav'ry smell; and rushes strew'd the ground.
A maple dresser in her hall she had,
On which full many a slender meal she made,
For no delicious morsel pass'd her throat,
According to her cloth she cut her coat.
No poignant sauce she knew, no costly treat,
Her hunger gave a relish to her meat:
A sparing diet did her health assure;
Or sick, a pepper posset was her cure.
Before the day was done, her work she sped,
And never went by candle-light to bed.
With exercise she sweat ill humours out,
Her dancing was not hindred by the gout.
Her poverty was glad, her heart content,
Nor knew she what the spleen or vapours meant.
Of wine she never tasted thro' the year;
But white and black was all her homely cheer,
Brown bread and milk, (but first she skimm'd the bowls)
And rashers of sing'd bacon on the coals;
On holidays an egg or two at most,
But her ambition never reach'd to waste."

Mr. Lipscomb's version follows.

" Time's snowy honours sprinkled on her head,
Her peaceful life an aged widow led;
A lofty grove her humble cot behind,
Fenc'd off the rudeness of the eastern wind:
In front a limpid stream meand'ring flow'd,
And breath'd gay health around the neat abode.
Small were the means, and scanty was the store,
Yet did her sober wish ne'er pine for more;
For her each year increas'd three fruitful sows,
For her, with well-swoln teats, three ruddy cows;

And, these besides, a fav'rite ewe she kept,
Which oft in winter in her chamber slept.
Pledges of early love, indulgent heav'n
Two blooming daughters to her hopes had giv'n.
No costly dainties on her board were seen,
Her fare was homely, but her table clean:
No wine she tasted, neither pale nor red,
With black and white alone her board was spead,
With bowls of milk, and loaves of good brown bread.
Far from the cot repletion's ills withdrew,
Her steady nerves nor gout nor palsy knew;
But though luxurious dainties were denied,
Yet patient industry each want supplied.
And Heav'n's best boon, unbought with hoards of wealth,
Crown'd every other blessing, jocund health."

From a comparison of these several versions, it will appear that Dryden has completely entered into the spirit and manners of Chaucer, and wherever it was possible, that he has adopted his phraseology. The strokes which he has added give an additional richness to Chaucer's colouring, and strike us so forcibly, because they are so perfectly natural. Whatever he has added is for the better; he has nothing but what is perfectly characteristic, and entirely consistent with the manners, and habits of life of the old lady. Mr. Lipscomb, on the contrary, has several expressions which do not suit the character Chaucer meant to depict; his description has throughout too lofty and refined an air, and he has omitted several of Chaucer's characteristic touches, which serve to display the customs and manners of the character he is describing, more than the polish or the pomp of verse. I would not be supposed here to mean that Mr. L. has executed his task ill; I think quite the contrary: there are few poets who would not feel humbled by a comparison with Dryden, and it is not to be wondered that he should be among the number.

E. D.

Jan. 5, 1809.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR AND THE CABINET.

MR. EDITOR,

I CONSIDER the Monthly Mirror and your Magazine like the two rival theatrical companies of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and was glad to see by a letter of your's in the last Monthly Mirror, that apparently as good an understanding prevails between you as between them. I know there has gone abroad an opinion that the town can support only one theatrical Magazine, and that the Monthly Mirror has pre-occupied the ground; but Magazines, Sir, like lawyers, ought always to appear in pairs, and to make work for one another. Then consider the advantage the public derive from competition. For my part, I would as soon take in only one of the two magazines as go to only one of the two theatres. At any rate, if I did *take in* only one, I would make it a point to *see* the other, just as I might buy a free admission to one theatre, and visit the other occasionally. Besides, Sir, your magazines are very different. The Monthly Mirror excels in wit, your's rather in humour. The Editor of the Monthly Mirror has, like Petulant in the Way of the World, "a smattering—faith and troth a pretty deal of an odd sort of a small wit." "Stand between me and it!" Your "critique on Billy Taylor" and some of your reviews have given you a reputation for humour. But pray, Sir, don't let us hear so much of parallel passages and plagiarisms. They shew your reading; but we want you to shew your writing, and to let us read.

But I am afraid if I come to offering advice, my letter will stand no chance of insertion in your magazine; and it was more for the sake of seeing my name there, than for any other reason, that I took up my pen on the present occasion. If I don't see myself in print next month, I shall consider that it was for this presumption, rather than because I have put no fire into my letter, that you have put my letter into the fire.

I am, Mr. Editor, your obedient servant,

HENRY DANGLE.

Covent Garden, April 3, 1809.

STORY OF AN ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.

[From Brydges's Censura Literaria, vol. viii.]

To the Ruminator.

SIR,

As you love to ruminate on the energies and varieties of the human character, you will not perhaps dislike the account of a very extraordinary one, that came within my observation a few years ago, of which I shall be glad if this communication draws forth any further intelligence.

In the skirts of one of our few remaining ancient forests, near which however were several venerable mansions still inhabited by respectable families, stands in a recluse dingle a solitary cottage, which yet exhibits marks of neatness and elegance superior to its rank. I never pass this cottage without many mingled emotions of anxiety and respect. I think ten years have elapsed this very spring, since I was in the habit of meeting almost daily in its environs, a young man of most interesting but neglected appearance, whose air had every appearance of education and high birth. He seemed reserved, and desirous to avoid notice; but my curiosity was awakened, and I traced him, without being seen, to this cottage, where I soon learned that he had taken up his abode.

I gradually insinuated myself into his acquaintance, and in some degree won his confidence, though there were many parts of his story, which I never could penetrate. The name he assumed was Longford; but that undoubtedly was not his real name. His countenance was uncommonly handsome, except that it was somewhat severe and

> "Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

His eyes, though generally gloomy, reflected at times every variation of the soul. He was dark, tall, muscular, but rather thin; and, if his mien was too often languid, it occasionally displayed vigour and activity.

For what purpose he had sought this retreat, and whence he had immediately come, I never could entirely

satisfy myself. He discovered at times the strongest marks of pride and ambition of any man with whom I have ever conversed; indeed the fragments of his mysterious story, which I gradually extracted from him, would, if true, account for these strong traits of character.

He appeared to be labouring under some vehement disappointment, and struggling with terrific difficulties. His melancholy, though interesting, was generally painful, and seemed to depress his faculties. I have met him day after day, when he scarcely spoke: then all at once the vein of eloquence would seem to flow upon him; and he would pour forth the treasures of a mind full of sentiment and imagery, with such a felicity of expression and sweetness of voice as seemed to be little short of inspiration.

It was on one of these occasions that by good luck a friend was with me, whose prejudices had hitherto resisted all belief in my account of this wonderful young man. He was absolutely overpowed with astonishment; but, before we parted, invited him to his house with such a mixture of awe and kindness in his manner, as won its way at once to Longford's proud but grateful heart, and induced him to embrace an offer of hospitality, which in common cases he would sullenly have rejected.

At the table of this friend I first saw him in mixed society. He did not then equal the expectations which had been formed of him: he was silent, shy, nervous, and almost awkward: in answering questions he was confused and deficient in language; and my friend almost relapsed into his former scepticism. Even his eyes lost their fire; and he looked mortified and unlike himself. Towards the close of the evening, however, he recovered a little; and one or two flashes restored him to my friend's good opinion.

We know not how he employed himself in his cottage; it was probable that he read, but there were no signs of any great number of books about him. Somewhere he had certainly had an opportunity of reading; for his memory was most richly stored, particularly with history. If he had not much opportunity of reading, he certainly wrote a great deal, and I suspect was occupied in digesting some mighty plan, of which his head seemed

full. The common people called him "the crazy man:" and after a little while took very little notice of his peculiarities. A villager and his wife lived under the same roof, and these appeared to be his only attendants. He was indifferent to show and luxury, and so engrossed by the internal operations of the mind, that all trivial outward circumstances were utterly unheeded by him.

But yet he was not inattentive to objects of beauty and sublimity. I never saw an eye which glowed with more fire and admiration at the scenery of nature. His heart and fancy seemed as tremulous as the strings of the Æolian harp, and to vibrate with responsive harmony. His tongue indeed often died away in murmurs, but his countenance spoke the intenseness of his pleasure. It was generally of a solemn tone, but it now and then relaxed into a heavenly smile. He has leaned against an old tree or thrown himself on the grass for an hour together, with such a radiation of face as I have no language to describe.

Though his powers seemed better adapted to a speculative than an active life, there was reason to believe that he had been engaged in enterprises which required not a little practical exertion. He sometimes let drop expressions, which implied that he had been a soldier in services of adventure and hazard. The minutiæ of the profession he despised; but he talked with fire of its greater movements, and seemed to have some project of this kind frequently floating in his head. When he talked of leading armies and regaining kingdoms, the dark flashes of his countenance were almost frightful.

There happened to be present at one of the visits to my friend's house, a neighbour who loved to tell wonders, who soon raised the curiosity of the families within his reach. By degrees most of their tables became open to Longford; but it was extremely difficult to induce him to accept invitations, and no one could ever rely on his attendance. There were people, whom no one could prevail on him to meet, and from whom, if he accidentally encountered them in a room, he instantly retired. As long as it was the fashion to have him of a party, all this was endured. He still continued, next to myself, most attached to my friend, who had an amiable family

of daughters, in whose presence his frequent returns of cloudiness and depression seemed in some degree to give way.

Yet it was seldom that he spoke to them; nor would a common observer have perceived that they had any effect on his manners or his thoughts. I, who had watched him incessantly, knew better the changes of his looks, and the tones of his voice. I have seen occasionally what animation their company gave to his conversation, even in arguments and on subjects which appeared entirely addressed to their father; and when they left the room he has become languid, his attention lost, and his manner confused.

He had not been long known in our neighbourhood before many stories were circulated to his prejudice. He was called an adventurer, an impostor, a low fellow, a beggar, a madman, &c. Some of these things reached his ears; the words "low fellow" raised his indignation most. "I suppose," said he, "I am called low fellow by some East Indian cut-throat, or some mongrel nobleman, whose predigree has been sewed together from shreds of parchment by a little taylor, turned herald, who however would have got a more honest, if not a more productive livelihood by never quitting his board. I scorn to tell what I am, in opposition to such despicable insults as these." Sometimes however I expected that there provocations would have drawn out his real history, but they never extorted more than broken and imperfect hints. Yet I gathered that he considered himself of blood-royal, and that there was something very romantic in the history of his descent.

There were moments when his temper had the appearance of great harshness and even ferocity; his resentments were strong, and his indignation was too much alive. But after long and studious investigation, I was convinced that the excessive tenderness of his feelings was his main defect, and the source of ebullitions of temper which had the very contrary hue. Had he exercised a more constant and severe controul over himself, he might have been happier; he might have been better; but all the striking traits of his character would have been deadened.

It was almost a misfortune, that he could not at all coalesce with common minds. Animal spirits, and the liveliness of ordinary conversation overcame him so as to close his mouth, and even damp his faculties. In ordinary society indeed he seemed so far from being superior, that he rather appeared like a cypher. Smart men, jesters, and bucks of infinite humour, asked, "what dull, foolish fellow is that?" When they withdrew, he seemed to rise as from an oppresive weight; his powers expanded, and he often poured forth the golden torrents of his impetuous mind.

Then it was that I observed the eyes of the gentle Ellen M———, my friend's second daughter, first fixed with an inexpressible kind of attention on Longford. She said nothing; she did not interrupt him by a remark, or a word; but I perceived she was intensely drinking poison to her future peace. I was alarmed; but knew not what to do. Had I had more firmness, I should instantly have communicated my observation to her father.

I endeavoured to withdraw Longford as much as possible from the house; but he had now contracted a fondness for the society of Mr. M———, who was equally fond of him; and I had not resolution to break this mutual enjoyment. I had formed a warm friendship for him; and as I feared the solitude of his own cottage was too much calculated to foster his alarming melancholy, I could not bring my heart to shut him out from a hospitality, which seemed to give him such keen pleasure.

The autumn was now at its most delightful point. The forest displayed all that variety of tints from pale green to the brightest gold, which renders this the most picturesque of all the seasons. There is something in the softened gleams of the sun, and the commencing decay of vegetation peculiarly suited to a pensive turn of disposition. It added to the disease of Ellen's heart; and it was dangerous to the violent sensibility of Longford. I saw that he was now more thoughtful than usual, and loved to wander alone in the woods more than ever. He talked less; and his sentiments betrayed less fire and energy. He sighed more, and his spirit of adventure seemed softened.

But it is become necessary to close this letter, and continue my story in another.

[*To be continued.*]

THE COMMON-PLACE-BOOK.

No. V.

ÆSCHYLUS.

THE three following passages in this poet's works are an instance of an author's fondness for his own ideas:

" Αἰθερία κόνις μὲ πέιθει φανεῖσ',
" Ἄναυδος, σάφης, ἔτυμος ἄγγελος."
Sept. con Theb. 81—2.

" - - - - - μαρτυρεῖ δὲ μοὶ κάσις
" Πηλεῖ ξύναρος, δίψια κόνις ταδε."
Agam. 503—4.

" Ὁρῶ κόνιν, ἄναυδον ἄγγελον στρατου."
Supp. 188.

THE METAPHYSICAL DUEL.

SINCE we introduced the anecdote which M. Dutens relates of a *Spanish* officer in our second number of the Common-Place-Book, we have found the following one recorded of an *English* officer. It is in the Memoirs of the late Lieutenant Colonel Mordaunt, of the Honourable East India Company's Madras Establishment, which appeared in the Monthly Magazine, vol. 25, p. 138. We know not which has the claim to originality.

" He (Colonel Mordaunt) used to be [in giving blows at racket] terribly severe on a very worthy, good-natured civilian, Mr. Marcus Sackville Taylor, deputy to Colonel, now Major-General, Palmer, who was for some years resident at the Nabob's court. Being on a brotherly footing, Mr. Taylor used to take these un-

pleasant raps, as every body else did, in good humour, and endeavoured, though not with equal success, to pay Mordaunt in his own coin. One evening he received so many and so forcible repetitions of the joke, that he requested of Mordaunt to discontinue it. The latter, however, did not desist, but soon after gave Mr. Taylor such a blow, as exasperated him highly, and induced him in rather a vindictive tone, to declare if he were hit again, his racket should be thrown at Mordaunt's head. This threat produced a whimsical scene; for Mordaunt coolly told Mr. Taylor that if he threw his racket, he would give him a good drubbing. Mr. Taylor no sooner heard the reply, than he fired with indignation, and said, that "as, between gentlemen, suppositions were considered as facts, Mordaunt might consider the racket he threw to the ground, as being thrown at his head." "Very well, Sackville," answered Mordaunt, very drily, "then you may consider this aim I have taken with my racket, as being with a pistol, and that I have shot you dead." Mr. Taylor was proceeding with his intentions, when Mordaunt observing to him, that as he was, according to his own suppositions, dead, of course he could not speak, and therefore nothing further could be said or heard on his part. The whole party present, who were chagrined to see the smallest difference between two worthy men, joined in the laugh with Mordaunt, and in silencing his dead opponent, who speedily was restored to life and to good humour. This curious controversy, afterwards called *The Metaphysical Duel*, was often significantly quoted or alluded to, on occasions where matters that went to extremity in the cabinet, ended tamely in the field."

XENOPHON'S SYMPOSIUM.

In the writings of the disciples of Socrates, the most prominent trait is that fine vein of raillery and irony, which so distinguished their master. The Symposium of Xenophon especially, being a lighter work, abounds with touches of this best species of wit. The speech of Antisthenes, who with great humour descants on his pretended wealth, is a pleasing instance of this. See parti-

cularly the part, beginning, Εγω δε ουτω μεν πολλα εχω ως μολις αυτα, &c. Nor is that speech of Socrates less humourous where he affectedly praises his own beauty, and ludicrously prefers it to that of Critobulus. How excellent is that passage where Socrates, having spoken of the omnipotence of love, and having enumerated the objects of each of his friends' affection, turns to Hermogenes, and says of him: "Who knows not that Hermogenes burns with the love of whatever is amiable and good? Observe the earnestness of his brows, the steadiness of his eye, the moderation of his speech, the mildness of his voice, and the tranquil cheerfulness of his manners! The venerable powers of Heaven are his friends, yet he despises not even us."

ARISTOPHANES'S RANÆ.

Aristophanes bears testimony to the honest simplicity of Sophocles, in his Ranæ, where in a dialogue between Bacchus and Hercules, the latter asks the former, why he would not bring Sophocles from Hell in preference to Euripedes. Bacchus answers, that Euripides, being a cunning rascal, would contrive to escape from Pluto, but that Sophocles was of a very different character:

Ὁ δ'ευκολος μενενθαδ', ευκολος δεκει.

There is considerable humour in the close of the following enumeration. Hercules is describing the crimes of those who lay rolling in the filthy gulph of Ades:

- - - - - - εν δε τυτω κειμενυς
Ει τυ ξενον τις ηδικησε πωποτε
Ἡ παιδα κινων ταργυριον υφειλετο.
Ἡ μητερ' ηλοιησεν, η πατρος γναθον
Επαταξεν, ἠ πιορκον ωμοσεν
Ἡ Μορσιμυ τις ρησιν εξεγραψατο.

Aristophanes must have had an amazing disgust towards bad poets, to make even the man who should transcribe a page of their works roll for ever in that infernal abyss which he so filthily paints.

The scene between Bacchus and the dead man is highly laughable; Bacchus asks him if he will carry the burden,

with which his servant Xanthias was tired, to Hell: the man asks two drachmæ. Bacchus refuses to give so much. The dead man "won't take a farthing less." Bacchus offers him nine oboli. The dead man in a great passion answers: "May I come to life again, if I do!" This is a humourous opposition to the phrase "may I die!" used by the living.

ERASMUS.

The reasons which Erasmus gives for declining the task of refuting Luther, are:

1. They who would undertake it ought to read his writings with attention and more than once; for which I have no leisure, being occupied in other studies:

2. Because it is a work above my abilities:

3. Because I will not deprive the Universities, which have undertaken to confute them, of their honour and glory:

4. Because I have no mind to draw on myself the resentment of many powerful persons, especially as I am not appointed to this office.

Erasmus calls the business of the Reformation (on account of the troubles and persecutions which attended it) the "Lutheran Tragedy."

POLITE ABUSE.

Dr. Arbuthnot, in his Altercation or Scolding of the Ancients, very humourously banters the excessive politeness of a French author, who, in his translation of Demosthenes, had softened the blunt invectives of the Orator, and made him address the rabble of Athens in this manner: 'Gentlemen, you are a pack of scoundrels.'

DEATH.

It is usual to paint Death as a skeleton. If I were called upon to paint the "King of Terrors," I should prefer to draw him in the form of an hungry Epicurean Alderman, with immense round belly, and eyes swimming in the fulness of luxury. Consider the quantity of his

food, and the frequency of it, and this portrait will appear more like than the other.

JOHNSON.

Johnson, in his critical zeal to undervalue Pope's Imitations of Horace, seems strangely to have forgotten his own imitations of Juvenal. The same arguments which he urges against Pope may be applied to himself: yet surely he could not affect to disregard these his own productions: in my opinion they equal any of his works, and are the only basis on which his reputation as a poet can possibly rest.

LITERARY OPINIONS.

DR. WARTON.

Nothing can be more disgusting than Dr. Warton's method of criticism. His affected taste in what he calls "poetry," his ridiculous praises of what he denominates "genius," his undervaluation of the energy of Pope and Dryden, and his exaltation of verbose nonsense,

"Where pure description holds the place of sense,"

altogether form the most nauseating display of pedantry, false taste and puerile dogmatism.

LEXIPHANES.

"Lexiphanes" is a strong, though coarse, satire on Dr. Johnson's style, which may be compared to the unwieldy and rumbling majesty of my Lord Mayor's state-coach. The author appears to be a man of judgment and good taste. His ridicule of Akenside is well-founded, although his admiration of rhyme to the total exclusion of blank-verse looks very like prejudice. The pedantry and affectation of Dr. Warton were very fair game. The too close imitation of Lucian which Lexiphanes presents sometimes betrays the author into indelicacy.

LADY M. W. MONTAGUE.

Lady Montague's Letters give the picture of an ingenious, sensible, and unaffectedly virtuous mind. I think that heart must be perversely formed, that mind strangely distorted, which can find in her easy gaiety any cause for suspecting her character. There is indeed throughout her letters an air of lightness and of freedom; but it is as distant from libertinism as the gay wit of Addison is from the licentious sprightliness of Vanbrugh.

MR. PRATT.

Mr. Pratt is an ingenious, pleasing writer, but a little tinctured with the affectation of *sentiment* and *poesy*. This in any body else would be perfectly disgusting; but Mr. Pratt shews really a mind so amiable and liberal (I speak only from his works), that it is not easy to be disgusted with him. I think he has used the traveller's privilege a little: a romantic air is visible in most of his adventures.

MR. HEADLEY.

The poetical world is exceedingly obliged to Mr. Headley for his ingenious and judicious selections of ancient poetry. The characters he gives of the several poets are discriminative and just, and are drawn with a vigorous and masterly hand. It would be worth the while of any gentleman of taste and leisure to re-publish some of the entire works, of which Mr. Headley has made so elegant a selection.

BURNETT'S OWN TIMES.

Bishop Burnett's History is a gossip's story, full of ridiculous whims, stuffed with prejudices, and blackened with the most malignant calumnies on all characters, one fiftieth part of which would subject any man to prosecution for a libel: he betrays frequently a most contemptible ignorance in matters with which he professes to be perfectly acquainted: in short, his work may be con-

sidered, from its folly, its ignorance, and its calumny, a disgrace to English literature.

SMOLLET AND FIELDING.

Smollet's novels are animated sketches of life in its various situations: Fielding's are a true and perfect picture of character in all its shades and variations of hue. Smollet paints only the prominent features: Fielding makes us acquainted with the inmost recesses of the minds and dispositions, and places the whole man before us. We are acquainted with Random and Pickle; but Tom Jones, Sophia and Amelia open themselves to us with the full unreserve of confidence.

COWLEY.

One thing that astonishes the reader of Cowley is his frequent and ardent admiration of Virgil, whom he neither resembles nor imitates, and whose correct dignity is the most distant thing in the world from Cowley's puerile conceits. Even in the Davideis, he has only in some measure borrowed Virgil's plan; but the language and sentiments are most widely different. I suppose Virgil's love of retirement bribed Cowley's similarly-disposed mind to admiration. Yet Cowley, with all his faults, will not fail to enjoy the attention of the reader. We may condemn his puerilities, but we must esteem his learning deep and various. His conceits may disgust us; but his amiable disposition and virtuous heart, so conspicuous throughout his work, must ensure our affection. Nor is it too much to say, that there are occasional sublimities in his poems, equal to the boldest flights of ancient or modern genius. We need not therefore wonder that Johnson admired, and that Hurd and Cowper loved him.

THOMSON.

I know no poems so calculated to form the youthful mind to virtue as Thomson's. His Seasons are well-known; but his tragedies do not possess the reputation

they deserve. How far they may be suited to theatrical representation I shall not enquire; but if a rich vein of poetry, adorning the most excellent sentiments; if characters well-drawn and well-supported; if plots, simple, yet artfully conducted, and the whole conducing to public and private virtue, merit attention, Thomson's tragedies pre-eminently demand our regard and admiration.

CUMBERLAND.

Cumberland's Memoirs are the production of a vain, peevish, sickly mind. It seems that the whole vigour of this author was exhausted in giving life to one or two of the children of his brain. These are the West-Indian, and some Essays in the Observer. But all the rest are a weak and puny offspring, which are dying before their parent, and which he in vain strives to keep alive, by the warmth of his own praise, and the fond caresses of his own vanity.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

When will the Germans improve in taste? When will they cease to admire the ravings of Kotzebue and Schiller, and the infantine insipidity of Lessing and Goëthe? There seems to be some rational defect in a German mind, which prevents the attainment of taste and judgment. Zimmerman, Gesner, and perhaps Wieland are but a very few exceptions to this general observation.

LUCAN.

Lucan seems a strange inconsistent character. In the same work that contains such animated declamations in favour of liberty, we are disgusted with the most servile adulation to a tyrant. Mr. Hayley has good-naturedly defended him from some charges; but this seems indefensible.

ON OLD MAIDS.

"Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures."

JOHNSON.

Allow me, Mr. Editor, to offer a few observations on the well-written paper of Domesticus, which appeared in your last Number. I admire the benevolence which dictates his partiality for Old Maids, but as we are not informed whether he is a young or married man, I take the liberty to suppose that it is an *Old Batchelor* who thus stands forward to vindicate the rights of the venerable sisterhood; and believe me, they have some reason to be proud of such a champion. I will however previously hope, that however I may differ with Domesticus on this subject, he will receive these few remarks with the same perfect good-humour in which they are made. We always feel inclined to pity those who are compelled to remain in any condition of life against their inclination; and it will probably be allowed that however they may disguise their sentiments in conversation, it is the first and natural wish of every young woman to get suitably married, and that there is not one Old Maid in a thousand who is in that situation from her own choice. Domesticus will grant this; for it is not likely that any "young lady" would voluntarily yield to that "dreadful destiny" which she would consider "as the highest affront to imagine likely to befal her," and which has appeared to her "the most melancholy upon earth." I readily grant, that many maids of fifty or sixty can boast of several offers made to them when their charms were yet unfaded, and therefore say they, with an air of triumph, "I *might* have been married;" very true, worthy gentlewomen; but this is not to say that you chose rather to lead a single life; for if I might, with due deference, hazard a conjecture (and God forbid, Mr. Editor, that I should *wantonly* disturb the tongue of an Old Maid!) I would suppose that these offers were declined, not from any such desire, but because they were not an-

swerable to your expectations, and from a secret vanity, which was persuaded that your charms had still power sufficient to procure more advantageous ones. The arguments of Domesticus in favor of Old Maidship may be used against it. If a marriage state do not possess the comforts of a single life, it is at least exempt from its evils, from the misery arising from disappointed hopes, and from the envy which seldom fails to arise, on beholding another in possession of pleasures so long and vainly wished for, and which an inability to enjoy renders greater than they really are. Every situation in life has certainly pains and pleasures peculiar to itself; but I believe the comforts of a single life are so very few as seldom, if ever, to be thought by their possessor a sufficient compensation for its numerous deprivations. If there are many unfortunate matrimonial contracts which ensure the misery of both parties, how many are there unknown in the quietude of still life,

> " whom love cements in holy faith
> " And equal transport !"

If there are some virtuous Old Maids who can look without malignity on the happiness of others, how many more shall we find whose peevishness and moroseness render them burdensome and despicable to themselves and others, whose greatest enjoyment is to scandalize the character of a married woman, whom they affect to despise while they really envy her! As to independence, my dear Domesticus, " which turns the balance so greatly in favour of the Old Maid," this will be found a very poor consolation for that superior respect which she cannot but perceive is inwardly paid to a married woman; and what Old Maid would not resign the privilege of taking snuff when she pleases to accept a wedding-ring from a formerly discarded lover, if she could marry without incurring the ridicule of her acquaintance? It is not difficult to invent a fictitious character in support of a bad argument, but I cannot easily be persuaded " that a single woman has it in her power to do more good than a married one." I believe, in most cases, it is exactly the reverse; but if Domesticus will assure me that Miss ——, with all the qualifications he has given her, has *really* a

soul and body, and will further favor me with her address, I shall be tempted to solicit her regards, provided she be not very old. A friend of mine, Mrs.———, besides being "always busy in promoting the happiness of all around her," besides "acting the parts of clergyman, physician, and lawyer to the poor of the village in which she lives;" besides "being the delight of the young of every class, the happiest human being I ever knew, and the freest from all malignity and ill-humour," (which I see no reason a married woman may not be as well as Miss ——,) has given birth to three sons and three daughters, who by the care she has taken of their education are an honour to their country and the pride and pleasure of their parents and friends, and is the delight of her husband and a perfect pattern of female virtue and conjugal fidelity. To this lady and her worthy husband may very justly be applied the following lines from Thomson:

"Oh speak the joy! ye whom the sudden tear
"Surprizes often, while you look around,
"And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss:
"All various nature pressing on the heart;
"An elegant sufficiency, content,
"Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
"Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
"Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven,
"These are the matchless joys of virtuous Love,
"And thus their moments fly."

I am, Mr. Editor, your obedient servant,

CURIO.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

" Vir bonus ac prudens versus reprendet inertes;
" Culpabit duros; incomptis adlinet atrum
" Transverso calamo signum; ambitiosa recidet
" Ornamenta; parem claris lucem dare coget;
" Arguet ambiguè dictum; mutanda notabit;
" Fiet Aristarchus; non dicet, cur ego amicum
" Offendam in nugis? Hæ nugæ seria ducent
" In mala derisum semel, exceptumque sinistrè."

HOR. *Ars Poet.*

The Thespiad, 8vo. pp. 50. Stockdale Jun. 1809.

THIS is one of those little poetic pictures of the present stage, which have been drawn by Anthony Pasquin and others, since the days of Churchill's Rosciad. The criticisms are brief, but they are upon the whole just, and expressed with sufficient terseness. Most of the author's opinions, however, are so precisely like those of the ingenious author of the Critical Essays on the London Performers, which have lately appeared, that we cannot believe the sentiments of the Thespiad not to have been moulded by those of Mr. Hunt. The same faults in each actor are pointed out by both works, and they are generally deduced from the same causes. We now see the reason why the opinions of the Thespiad are for the most part just; they are for the most part Mr. Hunt's. The criticism of Mr. Elliston, however, is just, because it is not Mr. Hunt's. It will furnish a good specimen of the author's talents, and shall follow.

" What would you please? an Interlude, a Play,
A Farce, a Melodrame? or grave, or gay?
Song, dance, mirth, murder? which you covet, call;
And up jumps Elliston, who deals in all.
Shame he should thus unlicens'd thrid the ring,
And nothing do, by doing ev'ry thing:

'Tis time, this new Ulysses, fond to roam,
Retrace his native spot, and live at home.
Poor is his tragic art. His boyish face,
To look sublime, puts on a sour grimace;
A pettish, waspish curl, that ill befits
Octavian, haughty in his loss of wits.
And while the comic scene should smiles compel,
He looks as if the lamps, not lighted well,
Touch'd his nice nostril with a rancid smell.
'Tis in grave humour, easy, polish'd, high,
The strength of Elliston appears to lie,
Who well enacts (if not the pompous Lord)
The finest gentleman that treads the board;
The soothest lover, whether sir or swain,
That e'er bow'd knee, or pip'd upon the plain;
And though not oft from beating palms he draws
Th' electric shock of popular applause,
With easy course, that wins the ear and heart,
Flows the smooth tenour of his equal art.
Would he once shun the trifling parts and mean,
And once resolve less often to be seen;
Th' elastic grain, becoming more refin'd,
Would spring more potent at his spark of mind." pp. 31-33.

The following illustration of Sheridan's splendid innovation upon sense, in the production of Pizarro, is extremely happy.

" He, like his own Pizarro, came t' invade
A peaceful realm, who Nature's laws obey'd;
And urg'd by hunger of the baneful ore,
To teach it arts and crimes unknown before." p. 13.

Should this work reach a second edition, an honour to which we think it scarcely deserves to aspire, it may be as well to spell " rqsin" (pp. 11 and 12) resin, and to correct the following ludicrous error. P. 18, l. 4. from bottom, for

" Cato's long wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacquey'd chair."

read

" Cato's long wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacquer'd chair."

Gertrude of Wyoming, a Pennsylvanian Tale, and other Poems. *By Thomas Campbell*, Author of the Plea-

sures of Hope, &c. London, Longman and Co. 4to. pp. 134. 1*l.* 5*s*! 1809.

£1. 5*s*! One hundred and thirty four quarto pages for one pound five shillings! To be sure, the paper is drawing-paper, the ink as beautiful as Indian-ink, and the type symmetry itself. But one pound five shillings! A poem of three parts, each part consisting of about thirty Spenserian stanzas, a few extracts from American Travels, and two or three small poems which have been in all the newspapers, for one pound five shillings! Book-making now has made his master-piece. The extracts from the travels which illustrate the poem in the shape of notes, instead of being printed in a somewhat closer form or smaller type than the poem, appear in exactly the same elbow-room spread; and a similar honour would doubtless have awaited the minion type of a newspaper, if the book-maker had had occasion to quote any part of the matter which makes its appearance in that shape. A greater poet than Mr. Campbell must now print with a large golden letter on satin folio. But it is time to put on our dancing-gloves, to turn over Mr. Campbell's pages, and collecting the straggling type with our diminishing-glass, to give them as unprejudiced a perusal, as the circumstance of our having just parted with one pound five shillings will admit.

The story of Gertrude of Wyoming is connected with the desolation of that colony in 1778 by an incursion of the Indians. The tale itself is so ill-told by Mr. Campbell that we were obliged to read the poem twice before we could at all place it in a clear view to our minds; and having accomplished this, we really lay claim to as much ingenuity in understanding the story as Mr. Campbell has evinced in imagining it. But at our very first perusal of the poem, we discovered traces that the hand of the author of the Pleasures of Hope and the Battle of Hohinlinden had been there. Swimming against the tide of a stanza which Mr. Campbell by no means knew how to manage, that of Spenser's Fairy Queen, disjointed and eked-out as the versification of the present poem is, Gertrude of Wyoming possesses beauties to which none but a true poet could have given birth, and is dashed with as many touches of the author's bold and original pencil as

the Pleasures of Hope, however the superior versification of the latter poem may give it a greater popularity than the former.

We shall consider ourselves entitled, by the expensiveness of the present publication, to prove our assertions by a very copious extract from Mr. Campbell's poem; and we confess that it gratifies our spleen to see his verses take the humble form into which our coarse paper and brevier type unceremoniously throws them. Our comfort is, that, the principal poem being a Pennsylvanian Tale, a copy of the work will certainly find its way to America, and that an edition of it will be printed there! May Mr. Campbell see it! We ask no dearer revenge.

The following picture of the heroine of Mr. Campbell's poem is highly beautiful; and the whole passage will be perfectly intelligible without our explaining the story of the poem to the reader, a task which we are not sure we could execute. It is necessary to say merely that Albert is the father of Gertrude.

PART II.

I.

" A valley from the river-shore withdrawn
Was Albert's home, two quiet woods between,
Whose lofty verdure overlook'd the lawn;
And waters to their resting-place serene
Came fresh'ning, and reflecting all the scene
(A mirror in the depth of flow'ry shelves);
So sweet a spot of earth, you might (I ween)
Have guess'd some congregation of the elves,
To sport by summer-moons, had shap'd it for themselves.

II.

" Yet wanted not the eye for scope to muse,
Nor vistas open'd by the wand'ring stream;
Both where at ev'ning Allegany views,
Through ridges burning in her western beam,
Lake after lake interminably gleam;
And part those settlers' haunts the eye might roam,
Where earth's unliving silence all would seem;
Save where on rocks the beaver built his dome,
Or buffalo remote low'd far from human home.

III.

" But silent not that adverse eastern path
Which saw Aurora's hills th' horizon crown;
There was the river heard, in bed of wrath
(A precipice of foam from mountains brown),
Like tumults heard from some far-distant town;
But soft'ning in approach he left his gloom,
And murmur'd pleasantly, and laid him down
To kiss those easy-curving banks of bloom,
That lent the windward air an exquisite perfume.

IV.

" It seem'd as if those scenes sweet influence had
On Gertrude's soul, and kindness like their own
Inspir'd those eyes affectionate and glad,
That seem'd to love whate'er they look'd upon;
Whether with Hebe's mirth her features shone,
Or if a shade more pleasing them o'ercast
(As if for heav'nly musing meant alone);
Yet so becomingly th' expression past,
That each preceding look was lovelier than the last.

V.

" Nor, guess I, was that Pennsylvanian home,
With all its picturesque and balmy grace,
And fields that were a luxury to roam,
Lost on the soul that look'd from such a face!
Enthusiast of the woods! when years apace
Had bound thy lovely waist with woman's zone,
The sunrise path, at morn, I see thee trace
To hills with high magnolia overgrown,
And joy to breathe the groves, romantic and alone.

VI.

" The sunrise drew her thoughts to Europe forth,
That thus apostrophiz'd its viewless *scene;*
' Land of my father's love, my mother's birth!
' The home of kindred I have never *seen*!
' We know not other—oceans are between;—
' Yet say, far friendly hearts from whence we came,
' Of us does oft remembrance intervene?
' My mother sure, my sire a thought my claim,
' But Gertrude is to you an unregarded name.

VII.

" ' And yet, lov'd England! when thy name I trace
' In many a pilgrim's tale and poet's song,
' How can I choose but wish for one embrace
' Of them, the dear unknown, to whom belong
' My mother's looks, perhaps her likeness strong?
' Oh parent! with what reverential awe,
' From features of thine own related *throng*,
' An image of thy face my soul could draw,
' And see thee once again, whom I too shortly saw!'

VIII.

" Yet *deem** not Gertrude sigh'd for foreign joy;
To soothe a father's couch her only care,
And keep his rev'rend head from all annoy:
For this, methinks, her homeward steps repair,
Soon as the morning-wreath had bound her hair;
While yet the wild deer trod in spangling dew,
While boatmen caroll'd to the fresh blown air,
And woods a horizontal shadow threw,
And early fox appear'd in momentary view.

IX.

" At times there was a deep, untrodden grot,
Where oft the reading hours sweet Gertrude *wore*;
Tradition had not nam'd its lonely spot;
But here, methinks, might India's sons explore
Their fathers' dust†, or lift, perchance of yore,
Their voice to the great Spirit: rocks sublime
To human art a sportive semblance *wore*;
And yellow lichens colour'd all the clime,
Like moon-light battlements, and tow'rs decay'd by time.

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* Better *think*. REV.

† " It is a custom of the Indian tribes to visit the tombs of their ancestors in the cultivated parts of America, who have been buried for upwards of a century."

X.

" But high, in amphitheatre above,
His arms the everlasting aloe threw:
Breath'd but an air of heav'n, and all the grove
As if with instinct living spirit grew,
Rolling its verdant gulphs of ev'ry hue;
And now suspended was the pleasing din,
Now from a murmur faint it swell'd anew,
Like the first note of organ heard within
Cathedral aisles, ere yet the symphony begin.

XI.

" It was in this lone valley she would charm
The ling'ring noon, where flow'rs a couch had strewn,
Her cheek reclining, and her snowy arm
On hillock by the palm-tree half o'ergrown:
And aye that volume on her lap is thrown,
Which ev'ry heart of human mould endears;
With Shakspeare's self she speaks and smiles alone,
And no intruding visitation fears,
To shame th' unconscious laugh, or stop her sweetest tears."

The above passage will fully illustrate the faults and beauties of Gertrude of Wyoming, and will induce the reader to regret with us, that it was not written in the heroic measure, of which Mr. Campbell has before shewn himself so thorough a master. In the few concluding stanzas of this poem, Mr. Campbell has, in our opinion injudiciously, changed his measure, to accommodate it to the " wild descant" of " th' Oneyda chief," upon the catastrophe of the tale.

The " other poems" of the volume are the Battle of Hohinlinden and Lochiel's Warning, both of which we recollect to have seen and admired before, a parody of " Ye Gentlemen of England," intitled " Ye Mariners of England," a ballad called " Glenara," a little poem on the Battle of the Baltic, written with much of the spirit of that on the Battle of Hohinlinden, and a ballad called " Lord Ullin's Daughter," of very inferior merit to the other.

A Journal of the Voyages and Travels of a Corps of Discovery; from the mouth of the river Missouri, through the interior parts of North America, to the Pacific Ocean. By Patrick Gass. 8vo. pp. 381. London, J. Budd. 1808.

Few books of amusement, we believe, are read with more attention at present, than books of voyages and travels. Every little watering-place has its favourite tourist; pens, ink and paper are among the indispensable necessaries of a travelling equipage; landlords are laid under contribution for amusing anecdotes, and chambermaids for interesting faces; every stage-coach contains an adventure, and every cottage furnishes a denouëment. There is something so congenial to the human mind in action, and such a freshness is engendered in the ideas by change of place, that we are happy to travel even by proxy, and bask with eagerness in the reflexion of that sunshine which the gaiety of motion always lights up in the breast. We have seen, where the entrance of a person, just come off a twenty-mile journey, has inspired life into a whole company, who felt no other interest in him than that electric shock which a traveller always excites; nay, we have witnessed where an unexpected ride has enabled a steady citizen to eat his dinner with satisfaction, even though he should not occupy his habitual seat at the table, or sit in his own sacred armchair. Sympathizing with this feeling in the public mind, and eager to cater for the intellectual tastes of our readers to the best of our power, we grasped with eagerness at the work before us, thinking it must be admirably calculated to gratify the feeling in question. A Journey through the Interior Parts of North America, on which the circulating libraries afforded no assistant commentaries! We confess the highest expectations were excited in us, and as we cast a cursory glance over the contents of the chapters, and saw for heads, accounts of the Snake Indians, the Chin-ook Indians, the Clatsop Indians, the Flat-head and the Big-bellied Indians, we promised ourselves most new and interesting discoveries with respect to the minds and manners of our fellow-creature, man. Our mouths absolutely watered at the sight of such romantic names, as Koos-koos-ke, Sho-sho-ne, Kimoocc-

nem,and Joquet-co-qualla ; but these unwarranted excitations soon subsided ; and a few pages of Mr. Gass's narrative reduced us to that degree of self-possession and composure, which philosophers tell us is necessary to all, but is undoubtedly most imperiously demanded in those who exercise our own important function.

The object of this Expedition was to discover, as the title-page declares, a passage by the way of the Missouri and Columbia rivers to the Pacific Ocean, and thus to fill up that chasm in the topographical knowledge of North America, which had been left unexplored by the labours of Hearne and M'Kenzie. The former of these gentlemen, under the direction of the Hudson's-bay Company, proceeded in the year 1771, from the Prince of Wales's Fort on the Churchill river to the mouth of the Coppermine river, a tract which lies between the latitudes of 59° and 72° N. and extends from the longitude of 94° to 119° E. of Greenwich. The enterprising spirit of the Canadian traders supplied what the contracted policy of the Hudson's-bay Company omitted, by extending their discoveries and establishments along the numerous lakes and rivers situated north of that high tract of country which divides the Missisippi and Missouri rivers, from those which run northward and eastward to within a short distance of the Rocky Mountains. In the year 1789, Mr. M'Kenzie made a voyage from Fort Chepewyan on the lake of the Hills, lat. 58° 40′ N. and long. 110° 30′ W. by the way of the Slave river to the mouth of a river, which falls into the North Sea in lat. 69°, 14° and long. 135° W. He again in the year 1793 penetrated from an establishment on the Peace river lat. 56° 9′ N. and long. 117° 35′ W. to the Pacific Ocean in lat. 52° 24′ N. and long. 128° 2′ W. There still remained unexplored all that valuable tract of country, which has the Pacific for its western boundary and the United States for its eastern, and which lies between Old and New Mexico and part of Louisiana southward, and is bounded on the north by part of New South Wales, New North Wales, the Athabasca, and other countries containing the establishments of the Hudson's-bay and North West Companies.

To ascertain the nature of this intermediate tract,

which contains in breadth about 1000 miles, and in direct length about 1800, and by way of the Missouri and Columbia nearly twice that distance, formed the object of the present important undertaking.

After stating the day on which the expedition commenced (viz. the 14th of May 1805), and the number of men employed in it (viz. 43 men including Captain Clarke and Captain Lewis, who were to command the expedition, part of the regular troops of the United States and part engaged for this particular enterprize), we meet with little more than accounts of the weather and statements of the hunters' success, two very important objects no doubt to travellers exploring an unknown country, but not very interesting to readers, whose meals succeed with the utmost regularity, and the warmth of whose rooms is regulated by a barometer, till our adventurers have proceeded 2300 miles on the Missouri. Here Mr. Gass casts a retrospective eye on the country which he has passed, and as the subject is interesting, and described with more animation than our traveller evinces in any other part of his narrative, we shall not scruple to lay it before our readers.

"From the mouth of the Missouri to that of the river Platte, a distance of more than six hundred miles, the land is generally of a good quality, with a sufficient quantity of timber; in many places very rich and the country pleasant and beautiful. From the confluence of the river Platte with the Missouri to the Sterile desert (which our travellers entered at the latter end of June 1805), a distance of upwards of fifteen hundred miles, the soil is less rich, and, except in the bottoms, the land of an inferior quality, but may in general be called good second-rate land. The country is rather hilly than level, though not mountainous, rocky or stony. The hills in their unsheltered state are much exposed to be washed by heavy rains. This kind of country and soil which has fallen under our observation in our progress up the Missouri, extends, it is understood, to a great distance on both sides of the river along the Missouri and the waters which flow into it; cotton wood and willows are frequent in the bottom and islands; but the upland is almost entirely without timber and consists of large

prairies or plains, the boundaries of which the eye cannot reach. The grass is generally short on these immense natural pastures, which in the proper seasons are decorated with blossoms and flowers of various colours. The views from the hills are interesting and grand. Wide extended plains with their hills and vales, stretching away in lessening wavy ridges, until by their distance they fade from the sight; large rivers and streams in their course, winding in various meanders; groves of cotton wood and willow along the waters intersecting the landscapes in different directions, dividing them into various forms, at length appearing like dark clouds and sinking in the horizon; these enlivened with the buffaloe, elk, deer, and other animals which in vast numbers feed upon the plains or pursue their prey, are the prominent objects, which compose the extensive prospects presented to the view, and strike the attention of the beholder. The islands in the Missouri are of various sizes, in general not large, and during high water, mostly overflowed." p. 130.

The remaining part of Mr. Gass's Journal is detailed with a peculiar dryness: no superlative adjectives, no pausing to recover from the effects of violent admiration, no laying down the pen to indulge in pleasing retrospect. The rapids of the Missouri we presume resemble those of the Canadian rivers; but, very unlike his brother traveller, Mr. Herriot, our Journalist indulges in no raptures at the sight of them. If the waves chuse "to curl their resplendent tops," they are free to do it; if they are "covered with effulgent whiteness," Mr. G. does not meddle with their free agency so to do; and if the waters will "appear to pour from the sky with such impetuosity as to throw back a portion in clouds of vapour," why at their own hazard be it: Mr. G. like a quiet man never meddles with the matter; he leaves rapids and rivers to their own private amusements, and urges forward his determined course. Once indeed we suspected that he intended to throw off his reserve, and to entertain us, according to his own words, with narratives of feats of love as well as feats of arms: but no; our curiosity was excited only to have it disappointed; for though Mr. G. confesses that he could furnish a suf-

ficient nnmber of entertaining stories and pleasant anecdotes on this head, yet he adds, that he does not think it prudent to swell his journal with them, and therefore merely contents himself with throwing out a hint to his œconomical countrymen, that indulgencies may be purchased at a very moderate price among the fair inhabitants of the banks of the Missouri, and that for an old tobacco-box one of the party was granted the honor of passing a night with the daughter of the head chief of the Mandan nation. O happiness too cheaply purchased! Why did not these adventurers contend who should have the pleasure of *ruining* himself for this fair and amiable squaw? There is another instance, which startled us not a little at the first, as a departure from that sobriety of thought and action, by which, as far as we can learn from Mr. G., this whole enterprize has been characterized; but the generous fault becomes divided among so many, that its effect is lost by dispersion, and leaves no room for singling out, what we should consider an anomaly in the human species, an American of eccentricity and sensibility. "This morning," says the Journalist, p. 168, "our commanding officers thought proper that the Missouri should lose its name at the confluence of the three branches we had left on the 30th ult. The north branch, which we went up, they called Jefferson; the west or middle branch, Madison; the south branch, about two miles up which a beautiful spring comes in, Gallatin; and a small river among the forks they called *Philosophy*. Of the three branches we had just left, they called the north *Wisdom*, the south *Philanthropy*, and the west or middle fork, along which we continued our voyage, retained the name of Jefferson."

The three classes of men, who seek instruction as well as amusement in the perusal of works like the present, are the naturalist, the commercial man, and the philosopher. Of these the first two will find very scanty information in Mr. Gass, and even the last will not feel himself overloaded with discoveries. Our travellers, previously to setting out, had been informed, that they should pass through a country possessed by numerous powerful and warlike nations of savages, of gigantic stature, fierce, treacherous and cruel; and particularly

hostile to white men. But this information must have been erroneous, as far as we can learn from Mr. Gass, who recounts very few frays, and those very trifling, between the Indians and the adventurers. The Sioux Indians are represented as likely and active; their lodges are very handsome, being made of dressed buffaloe and elk-skin, painted red and white: they appear to be fond of music, and Captain Lewis, aware of this propensity, gave them a grained deer-skin to stretch over a half keg for a drum. "When this was ready," says Mr. Gass, "they all assembled round some fires made for the purpose: two of them beat on the drum, and some of the rest had little bags of undressed skins dried, with beads or small pebbles in them, with which they made a noise. These are their instruments of music. Ten or twelve acted as musicians, while twenty or thirty young men and boys engaged in the dance, which was continued during the night. Some of the party had round their necks strings of the white-bear's claws, some of the claws being three inches long,"—a more decent appendage than that of some Indian women, whom our travellers met with further onward, who ornamented the sticks which they carried in their hands with the scalps of those whom they had slain in battle. From Mr. Gass's wilderness we have gleaned the following articles of information, which to the general reader almost supersede the necessity of perusing the book.

The Mandan Indians do not bury their dead, but place the body on a scaffold, wrapped in a buffaloe robe, where it lies exposed. p. 83.

The Indians of Assinoboin keep a buffaloe's head, to which after eating, they present a bowlful of victuals, saying, eat that. Their superstitious credulity is so great, that they believe by using the head well, the living buffaloe will come, and thus furnish them with a constant supply of meat. p. 99.

At an old Indian camp near Two-thousand Mile river, the travellers found some red cloth, which Mr. G. supposes had been offered and left as a sacrifice, the Indians having some knowledge of a Supreme Being, and this being their mode of worship. p. 118.

The Snake Indians, who reside near the Three-thousand Mile river are represented by Mr. G. as the most

wretched of the human species. They subsist on fish, and a kind of bread, which is composed of sunflower-seed, and lambs'-quarter, pounded and mixed up with service-berries. The natives take the fish by spearing them: their spears for this purpose are poles with bones fixed to the ends of them, with which they strike the fish. They have but four guns in the nation, says Mr. G., and catch goats and some other animals by running them down with horses. The dresses of the women are a kind of shift coming down to the middle of the leg, made of the skins of these goats and mountain sheep. Some of them have robes, but others none. Some of the men have shirts, and some, adds Mr. G. with much naïveté, are without any. Some also have robes made of beaver and buffaloe skins; but there are few of the former. Mr. G. saw one made of ground hog skins.

The flat-head Indians are so named from the form into which all their heads are compressed. This singular and disgusting operation is performed in infancy in the following manner. A piece of board is placed against the back of the head, extending from the shoulders to some distance above it; another shorter piece extends from the eye-brows to the top of the first, and they are then bound together with thongs or cords made of the skins, so as to press back the forehead, make the head rise at the top, and force it out above the ears*.

On Friday, 31st May, 1805, our travellers passed some very curious cliffs and rocky peaks, in a long range some of them two hundred feet high and not more than eight feet thick. They seem as if built by the hand of man, and are so numerous that they appear like the ruins of an ancient city. p. 133.

The following article shews the curious combination of things, which the form of a Journal compels an author to bring together.

"This day we repaired our canoe. In the evening we got her completed and all the baggage dry. Here our old Snake guide deserted and took his son with him. I suspect he was afraid of being cast away passing the rapids. At dark one of the squaws, who keep about us,

* A representation of this practice may be seen in West's picture of Penn's Treaty with the Indians. Rev.

took a crazy fit, and cut her arms from the wrists to the shoulders, with a flint; and the natives had great trouble and difficulty in getting her pacified. We have some Frenchmen, who prefer dog-flesh to fish; and they have got two or three dogs from the Indians. All the country round is high prairie, or open plains." p. 209.

The Indians at the point between the Columbian and Missouri rivers are described as almost without clothing and very shy and distant in their manners. The custom prevails among these Indians of burying all the property of the deceased with the body. Amongst these savages, says Mr. G., when any of them die, his baskets, bags, clothing, horses and other property are all interred; even his canoe is split into pieces and set up round his grave. p. 219.

A number of the Chinook Indians came to the fort with hats to trade. They are made of the cedar bark and silk grass, look handsome and keep out the rain. p. 267.

The Clatsop, Chenhook, Cath-la-mas, Cal-a-mex, and Cheltz nations, who inhabit the sea coast, all dress in the same manner. The men are wholly naked, except a small robe; the women have only the addition of the short petticoat. Their language also is nearly the same; and they all observe the same ceremony of depositing with the remains of the dead, all their property, or placing it at the graves. I believe I saw as many as an hundred canoes at one burying place of the Chinooks, on the north side of the Columbia, at its entrance into Hayley's Bay; and there are a great many at the entrance of every village. These Indians on the coast have no horses, and very little property of any kind, except their canoes. According to Mr. G.'s account, none of the women on the route can lay claim to the honour of chastity, excepting the Flat-heads. p. 275.

Curious method of cooking among the Indians inhabiting the north side of the Koos-hoos-he river. They first collect some stones and heat them: upon these they place a part of the meat, and upon the meat some small brush, and so alternately meat and brush, until all the meat is on: when the whole is covered with brush, and lastly with earth: so that the heap or mass has some-

thing of the appearance of a small coal pit on fire: an hour and a half is necessary to cook meat in this way. p. 311.

Speaking of a goat which they had killed, Mr. G. takes occasion to say, that the wolves in pack sometimes hunt these goats, which are too swift to be run down and taken by a single wolf. The wolves having fixed upon their intended prey, and taken their stations, a part of the pack commence the chace, and running it in a circle, are at intervals relieved by others.

The voyagers arrived at the end of their enterprize about the middle of November, 1805, and although the first view of the Pacific must have been almost as interesting to them as the Hellespont was to the ten-thousand, Mr. G. mentions no emotions that took place among these sober Americans. There are but few Indians settled about the shore: the dress of the men is similar to that of the Indians above. The women have a kind of fringe petticoat, made of filament or tassels of the white cedar bark, wrought with a string at the upper part, which is tied round the waist. These tassels or fringe, says Mr. G., are of some use as a covering, while the ladies are standing erect, and the weather calm; but in any other position, or when the wind blows, their charms have but a very precarious defence. The information yet acquired furnishes but few data, on which a correct general view of the country west of the rocky mountains can be founded. According to the verbal relation of Mr. Gass, the land on the Columbia is generally of a better quality than on the Missouri; and a greater number of roots grow there which furnish subsistence for the natives. The Missouri in its general course is deeper, more crooked and rapid than the Columbia; but the latter has more cataracts: and its water is clearer. On their return home the party made themselves a temporary residence among the Clatsop Indians, as they did the preceding winter among the Mandan; and we most heartily wish after all their fatigues that they had had better cheer wherewith to regale themselves in their Christmas quarters. They arrived at St. Louis on the 23d Sept. 1806, after an absence of two years, four months and ten days.

From the specimens we have given, we believe our readers will coincide with us in thinking, that Mr. Gass's Journal will excite more interest among our Transatlantic brethren than it will on this side of the water. To them indeed it will form a most valuable guide, as it ascertains with much precision the distances by which future travellers may direct themselves, and points out the accommodations with which they are likely to meet. It describes the nature of the different soils, the temper and disposition of the inhabitants, the vegetable and animal productions, and the temperature of the climate. The description of the country will form excellent points of speculation for the American agriculturists and land-jobbers; and this information will to them appear the more valuable inasmuch as it comes from the pen of a plain man, who does not write under the influence of a desire to establish or confirm pre-conceived opinions. The curiosity of the English reader must, however, in some degree be excited, and he will naturally wish for a little insight into a tract of country, through the whole extent of which his own language will one day most probably be spoken. We wish too, that our readers should see this important undertaking in its present stage, as it is not improbable that some larger work on this subject will soon appear, where the elk and the buffaloe will not play so important a part on the stage, and where subjects of more interest will be discussed, than at what hour the travellers dined, and whether the weather was hazy or fine. We confess however that though the minuteness of Mr. G. on these heads at first wearied us very much, yet as we proceeded, we insensibly became so identified with the party, as to feel almost as much anxiety as himself on the subject: we sympathized with our travellers on the variations of the weather, or rather on the constantly bad weather to which they were exposed; we waited impatiently for the return of the hunters to see what they had bagged, especially in that part of the journey, where provisions run so short; we became interested in the occasional rencontres of the adventures with she-bears; and felt as much joy at the recovery of Captain Clarke, as if his superintendance had been as necessary to ourselves, as it was to the band

under his command. These indeed form the interesting part of travellers, who write in the journal style, and communicate the pleasures of travelling *per se.* We should not do justice to a man, whose narrative has afforded us considerable amusement, if we withheld the following testimony in his praise, delivered in a certificate to him by Captain Lewis. "As a tribute justly due to the said Patrick Gass, I with chearfulness declare, that the ample support which he gave me, under every difficulty, the manly firmness which he evinced on every necessary occasion, and the fortitude with which he bore the fatigues and painful sufferings incident to that long voyage, intitle him to my highest confidence and sincere thanks, while they eminently recommend him to the consideration and respect of his fellow-citizens." This is praise which must make ample compensation to Mr. Gass, for the conciseness with which critics dismiss the labours of years, and who unsupported by that alternation of hope and fear, and that constant state of expectation, which urges forward the sportsman and the traveller, think themselves entitled to look for topics of more entertainment than statements of the weather and details of the kitchen.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. George Dyer has issued Proposals for printing by subscription, in four vols 12mo, with plates, his Poetical Writings. The volumes will contain the following works: 1. A Satirico-Didactic Poem, intitled Poetics, with various notes, in four books: Poet's Fate, a dialogue in verse, published several years ago, by the Author, is the basis of this poem. 2. The Pedestrian, being the outline of a descriptive poem. 3. Odes in three books, many of which have appeared in different volumes of the Author's Poems, but the greater part of which have not yet been published. 4. Epistles and Elegies. 5. Critical Disquisitions on Poetry, some of which have appeared before, but the rest, being full half, have not yet been published. At the end of the first volume some account will be given of the progress the Author is making in a

Bibliographical Survey, in which he is now engaged, being an account of MSS. and other curious books in our public libraries. This Survey has been made, and is now making, by himself in person (and he has been so employed for several years), through the greater part of the Island. The materials lie in much confusion, and the Author intends to devote the remainder of his life to the reduction of them into form. It will consist, not of Catalogues and Extracts, but of Critical Observations and Original Biographies of only distinguished and learned Men, of different denominations. The Cantabrigiana, written by the author in the Monthly Magazine, will give some idea, though a very imperfect one, of the plan; a corrected and more extended idea may be formed from a series of critical papers on some of the most ancient MSS. in the island written by him in Dr. Aikin's Athenæum. This must necessarily be a work of time, and if completed, is intended to be comprised in 4 vols. 4to.

Mr. Bradley of Wallingford has prepared, under the sanction of Dr. Valpy and other distinguished Preceptors, a Series of Grammatical Questions adapted to Lindley Murray's Grammar, with copious Notes and Illustrations. The idea was suggested by Morgan's very useful book, the Grammaticæ Questiones.

Mr. J. J. Andersen, a native of Denmark, and author of a Tour in Zealand, &c. &c. has in the press a work which will be entitled "A Dane's Excursions in England."

Sir John Carr has in the press an elegant volume of Poems, with which will be given a fine portrait of the Author from a drawing by Westall.

The Rev. D. Washbourn of Wellingborough is preparing for publication a new edition of Bishop Reynolds on Ecclesiastes.

Mr. Fenton's long expected Tour through Pembrokeshire is in the press, and will appear in the course of this spring, in a quarto volume, embellished with views of all the principal seats and ruins, drawn chiefly by Sir Richard Hoare. This Tour is intended as the first of a series of

Tours through North and South Wales, which will be conducted on the same plan.

Francis Hardy, Esq. has in the press, in a quarto volume, the Life of the late Earl of Charlemont, including a View of the Affairs of Ireland, during a very interesting and important period.

Mr. Thomas Hope will publish this spring a Collection of Designs representing the Costume of the Ancients. It will consist of about 160 engravings in outline, with an Introduction, and will form two volumes, quarto and octavo.

The Abridgement of the Philosophical Transactions by Drs. Hutton, Shaw, and Pearson, from the time of their commencement to the close of the year 1800, will be completed in the present month.

A series of Letters on Canada will shortly appear, written by a gentleman lately resident some years in that country, giving a description of its people, manners, laws, customs, productions, trade, &c.

Mr. Custance has in the press a new and improved edition of his Concise View of the Constitution of England.

Mr. James Macdonald, late lieutenant-colonel of the Caithness fencibles, having been wrecked in November last, on the Schaw, proposes to publish an account of his subsequent Travels through Denmark and Sweden. He left Gottenburg the 13th of last month.

Mr. Belfour has in the press a Metrical Romance, in five cantos, entitled Spanish Heroism, or the Battle of Roncesvalles, which will appear next month.

Mr. Drew, author of an Essay on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul, has in the press, in an octavo volume, an Essay on the Identity and General Resurrection of the Human Body.

A Selection from the Gentleman's Magazine, in three volumes octavo, will shortly issue from the press at Oxford, under the superintendance of a gentleman of that university.

Mrs. Holstein will speedily publish a novel under the title of the Assassin of St. Glenroy, or the Axis of Life.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

"*Soft as the silver ray that sleeps,*" composed *by Dr. John Clarke* of Cambridge. Birchall, London.

When the small merit that the compositions of Dr. John Clarke possess is considered, it appears a singular circumstance that they should have obtained such general notice. It is generally the case that indifferent authors are remarkably industrious, while those of real talent oblige the world but seldom with the efforts of their genius; and this observation is seldom better exemplified than in Dr. John Clarke, who keeps the publishers in perpetual employ, and, by producing something almost every week, has forced himself into a notice which he has not abilities to deserve or sustain. Marmion and the Lay of the Last Minstrel, have been ransacked by him for every passage applicable to music; and songs, duets, &c. sufficient to supply every concert in London have been produced in the course of two or three years, which, with few exceptions, deserve no better fate than they will ultimately experience, to serve as wrappers to the productions of other composers. His music is in general flimsy and unmeaning; melody he either despises or has not genius to produce, and his grandest efforts are mere passages of execution, adapted to suit the gallery-taste at Ashley's Oratorios, where Mrs. Dickons and Mr. Braham, who have discovered this quality in them, are continually obtruding them to the annoyance of the few people of taste, whom accident may have unfortunately taken to those burlesque performances of sacred music. The song of "Soft as the ray," the words of which are taken from the Mysteries of Udolpho, has no species of merit to recommend it, and will bear no comparison with the rondo which Percy has set to the same words.

Divertimento, nello stile antico, for the Piano Forte, composed and dedicated to Miss Gibbs *by J. B. Cramer*. Birchall.

Of Cramer it is always a pleasure to speak, for his productions always deserve praise; there may be composers possessing more science, but there are none who have a greater knowledge of the genius of the Piano

Forte, or understand better how to bring it's beauties to bear. This divertimento is in imitation of the old masters, which Mr. Cramer has affectedly expressed on his title-page in Italian: this ridiculous custom is becoming every day more prevalent, although, independently of it's general unintelligibility, it is an insult on our language, which surely contains words as expressive as "nello stile antico." The imitation certainly lessens the merit of Mr. Cramer, as it is not difficult to collect old passages and compile new movements with them; yet some praise is due for their judicious selection, and still more for introducing two exquisite airs from the works of Martini and Avison, which he has most delightfully arranged with variations that prove his superior taste.

Three Sonatas, with Six progressive Preludes for the Piano Forte, composed and dedicated to Miss Louisa Dillon, *by F. Fiorillo*. Birchall.

The talents of Mr. Fiorillo must be remembered with pleasure by all persons who frequented the Opera, when the ballets of "Le Siège de Troye" and "Le Mariage Secret" were performed there, which alone would be sufficient to establish him as an excellent composer. The three Sonatas now published are evidently intended and are well adapted for beginners, for whom it is fortunate that there are men of talent who will condescend to the composition of such simple pieces, since nothing is more hurtful to their taste than the works of Latour, Ware, Reeve, &c. &c. which are generally obtruded upon them by the music-masters. These productions tend to fill their heads with a love of unmeaning noise and rattle, to which the ear becomes in time so habituated, that the works of great masters are thought uninteresting, and are thrown aside to make room for the overtures to pantomimes or melo-dramas. The compositions of these men are as great injuries to the ear of children as the ridiculous productions of Tabart are to their understanding; and were it not for a few musical Edgeworths and Barbaulds like Fiorillo, the overtures to the Ogre and Mother Goose might become as popular as the tales which gave rise to them.

A NEW edition of Dr. Callcott's Musical Grammar is preparing, with many additional examples and notes by Messrs. Horsley, Jousse, and S. Wesley; it will be ready for delivery in the course of the first week in May.

REVIEW OF THE FINE ARTS.

BRITISH GALLERY.

[*Concluded from page 257.*]

No. 89. *Imogen found at the Cave of Belarius, by George Dawe.*

" *Belarius.* How found you him?

Aviragus. Stark, as you see;
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion."

Cymbeline, Act 4, Scene 2.

" This picture obtained the premium in the class of *historical and poetical subjects*, given by the British Institution, anno 1808."

This subject is poetically, but we think in some measure theatrically, treated. The colouring is pleasing and the grouping judicious: its greatest demerit is its want of originality; the figures are all in very received attitudes expressive of grief, and the support rendered to the body of Imogen is according to the most established mode. Two dogs which materially assist in the connection of the group are excellently introduced.

No. 96. *Lady Macbeth, by A. W. Devis.*

" The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us;——Hark!"

Macbeth, Act 2, Scene 2.

We do not think Mr. Devis will add to his reputation by this picture: there is nothing great either in the countenance or figure, and the drapery is truly wretched.

No. 99. *The Grace, by C. C. Coventry.*

This is a very indifferent picture. The head of the principal figure is a very strongly marked profile in a very strong light, immediately opposed to the black back-ground of a kitchen-chimney. The heads of all the figures are very disproportionate to the bodies; indeed they bear a distant resemblance to that tadpole species of figure which our readers may recollect in some carica-

tures of Rowlandson intended for the borders of paper-hanging, where the head was of an enormous size, and the figure decreased by very sudden and facetious gradations to the very toes.

No. 102. *The Deserted Milk-Maid, or the Inconstant Soldier, by S. Drummond, A. R. A.*

This is a rich and brilliantly-coloured picture: the scene is in the market-place of a country town, and the intricate perspective of some sheds and out-buildings is very cleverly managed. The disposition of the principal group is excellent, and the figures that compose it with one exception are well-drawn and finished: the exception to which we allude is that of the female for whom the fair *laitiere* is supposed to be deserted: it has more the appearance of an airy vision than the flesh and blood one would suppose necessary to captivate the affections of the gallant soldier, who is handing her off: the light catching the cheek of the drummer and the feathery lace of his drapery is particularly good; and the interest of the subordinate groups is well kept up by their attention being very skilfully directed to the principal occurrence of the picture. It is painted in a bold effective style, but it is not deficient in finish.

No. 105. *The Maniac, by T. Barker.*

Mr. Barker is not so happy in this as in most of his single figures: the face, from what we recollect, is nearly the same as that of his "Kate is craz'd:" the attitude is however different. There is nothing peculiarly characteristic of Mania in this figure: it would do as well for any other distressed female.

No. 121. *The Temple of the Sun, by R. Freebairn.*

This little landscape is in the late Freebairn's best style; it is one of those still scenes in which he was so eminently successful, and, what is no demerit in a painting of this artist's, is without figures in the foreground, in the drawing of which he was very deficient.

No. 126. *The Gravel-Diggers, by W. Hunt.*

The atmosphere, landscape and figures of this picture are those of the neighbourhood of this metropolis represented with great truth and effect. The character of the

countenance of the figure standing up is lowness without rusticity, while at the same time a tinge of villany is admirably expressed, the costume evidently consisting of the left-off clothes of a superior: the once fashionable boots, too large for the leg of their present possessor, are discriminated with great accuracy. The attitude of the boy watching the old man who is leisurely eating his bread and cheese is expectation itself.

No. 147. *Removing Timber, Autumn, by J. Linnell.*

"This picture obtained the premium given by the British Institution in the class of *Landscape-Painting*, anno 1808."

The style and subject of this picture resemble the preceding, and it might very well pass for a more finished one by the same artist. The sky and trees are truly autumnal, the herbage on the fore-ground, and the felled tree on which the labourers are resting, are touched with great spirit and beautifully finished. The figures, though not perhaps so well drawn, are more highly finished than those in the foregoing picture.

No. 245. *Harlech Castle, North Wales, by J. Ward, A. R. A.*

We are very sorry to see the talents which are evidently displayed in this picture so perversely misapplied; its execution is *wonderful;* the painting is every thing but an imitation of nature.

No. 336. *Wiltshire Sow and Pigs, by J. Ward. A. R. A.*

The animal is touched with the boldness and spirit of a master; but what Mr. Ward means the extraordinary production in the back-ground to represent, we are at a loss to determine; nor have we ever observed that skies when viewed from pigsties have the appearance of stripes of blue ribbon.

No. 340. *Samson breaking the bonds, a model, by S. Gahagan.*

"This model obtained the premium offered by the British Institution, in the class of modelling in *heroic or poetic composition*, anno 1808."

This model consists of two figures of a small size; one,

the "strongest of mortal men," is represented just at the moment of having snapped asunder the cord that bound him; the muscles that effected this are still seen in action violently and suddenly opposed by their antagonists; the effect of the two sets of muscles thus in action together is admirably expressed, and gives to the whole figure that air of instantaneous recoil attendant on the circumstance. The other figure, that of Dalilah, is in a very forcible and natural attitude of astonishment, with a mixture of incredulity, at the extraordinary feat.

VERSE.

[We think it far preferable to the insertion of all the little magazine poetastry which we receive, to present our readers with the following beautiful translation of Milton's Epitaphium Damonis, which is the great ornament of Mr. Hayley's late expensive publication, "Cowper's Milton." Of the original, Cowper thus speaks: "I am now translating his (Milton's) Epitaphium Damonis, a pastoral, in my judgment, equal to any of Virgil's Bucolics, but of which Johnson (so it pleased him) speaks as I remember contemptuously. But he, who never saw any beauty in a rural scene, was not likely to have much taste for a pastoral. *In pace quiescat!*"]

ON THE DEATH OF DAMON.

THE ARGUMENT.

Thyrsis and Damon, shepherds and neighbours, had always pursued the same studies, and had, from their earliest days, been united in the closest friendship. Thyrsis, while travelling for improvement, received intelligence of the death of Damon, and, after a time, returning and finding it true, deplores himself, and his solitary condition, in this poem.

By Damon is to be understood Charles Deodati, connected with the Italian city of Lucca by his father's side, in other respects an Englishman, a youth of uncommon genius, erudition and virtue.

Ye nymphs of Himera (for ye have shed
Erewhile for Daphnis, and for Hylas dead,
And over Bion's long-lamented bier,
The fruitless meed of many a sacred tear),
Now, through the villas lav'd by Thames rehearse
The woes of Thyrsis in Sicilian verse,
What sighs he heav'd, and how with groans profound
He made the woods and hollow rocks resound,
Young Damon dead; nor even ceas'd to pour
His lonely sorrows at the midnight hour.

The green wheat twice had nodded in the ear,
And golden harvest twice enrich'd the year,
Since Damon's lips had gasp'd for vital air
The last, last time, nor Thyrsis yet was there;
For he, enamour'd of the Muse, remain'd
In Tuscan Fiorenza long detain'd,
But, stor'd at length with all he wish'd to learn,
For his flock's sake now hasted to return,
And when the Shepherd had resum'd his seat
At the elm's root, within his old retreat,
Then 'twas his lot, then, all his loss to know,
And, from his burthen'd heart, he vented thus his woe.

" Go, seek your home, my lambs, my thoughts are due
To other cares, than those of feeding you.
Alas! what deities shall I suppose
In heav'n, or earth, concern'd for human woes,
Since, oh my Damon! their severe decree
So soon condemns me to regret of thee!
Depart'st thou thus, thy virtues unrepaid
With fame and honour, like a vulgar shade?
Let him forbid it, whose bright rod controuls
And sep'rates sordid from illustrious souls,
Drive far the rabble, and to thee assign
A happier lot, with spirits worthy thine!

" Go, seek your home, my lambs, my thoughts are due
To other cares, than those of feeding you.
Whate'er befall, unless by cruel chance
The wolf first give me a forbidding glance,
Thou shalt not moulder undeplor'd, but long
Thy praise shall dwell on ev'ry shepherd's tongue;
To Daphnis first they shall delight to pay,
And, after him, to thee the votive lay;
While Pales shall the flocks and pastures love,
Or Faunus to frequent the field, or grove,
At least, if ancient piety and truth,
With all the learned labours of thy youth,
May serve thee aught, or to have left behind
A sorrowing friend, and of the tuneful kind.

" Go, seek your home, my lambs, my thoughts are due
To other cares, than those of feeding you.
Yes, Damon! such thy sure reward shall be,
But ah, what doom awaits unhappy me!
Who, now, my pains and perils shall divide,
As thou wast wont, for ever at my side,
Both when the rugged frost annoy'd our feet,
And when the herbage all was parch'd with heat;
Whether the grim wolf's ravage to prevent,
Or the huge lion's, arm'd with darts we went?
Whose converse, now, shall charm my stormy day,
With charming song, who now beguile my way?

" Go, seek your home, my lambs, my thoughts are due
To other cares, than those of feeding you.
In whom shall I confide? Whose counsel find
A balmy med'cine for my troubled mind?
Or whose discourse, with innocent delight,
Shall fill me now, and cheat the wint'ry night,
While hisses on my hearth the pulpy pear,
And black'ning chesnuts start and crackle there,
While storms abroad the dreary meadows whelm,
And the wind thunders through the neighb'ring elm?

" Go, seek your home, my lambs, my thoughts are due
To other cares, than those of feeding you.
Or who, when summer suns their summit reach,
And Pan sleeps hidden by the shelt'ring beech,
When shepherds disappear, nymphs seek the sedge,
And the stretch'd rustic snores beneath the hedge;
Who then shall render me thy pleasant vein
Of attic wit, thy jests, thy smiles again?

" Go, seek your home, my lambs, my thoughts are due
To other cares, than those of feeding you.
Where glens and vales are thickest overgrown
With tangled boughs, I wander now alone,
Till night descend, while blust'ring wind and show'r
Beat on my temples through the shatter'd bow'r.

" Go, seek your home, my lambs, my thoughts are due
To other cares, than those of feeding you.
Alas! what rampant weeds now shame my fields,
And what a mildew'd crop the furrow yields!
My rambling vines, unwedded to the trees,
Bear shrivell'd grapes, my myrtles fail to please;
Nor please me more my flocks, they, slighted, turn
Their unavailing looks on me, and mourn.

" Go, seek your home, my lambs, my thoughts are due
To other cares, than those of feeding you.
Ægon invites me to the hazel grove,
Amyntas, on the river's bank to rove,
And young Alphesibœus to a seat
Where branching elms exclude the mid-day heat.
" Here fountains spring—here mossy hillocks rise;
Here zephyr whispers, and the stream replies."
Thus each persuades, but, deaf to ev'ry call,
I gain the thickets, and escape them all.

" Go, seek your home, my lambs, my thoughts are due
To other cares, than those of feeding you.

Then Mopsus said (the same who reads so well
The voice of birds, and what the stars foretell,
For he by chance had notic'd my return),
" What means thy sullen mood, this deep concern?
Ah, Thyrsis! thou art either craz'd with love,
Or some sinister influence from above;
Dull Saturn's influence oft the shepherds rue;
His leaden shaft oblique has pierc'd thee through."

" Go, go, my lambs, unpastur'd as ye are,
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
The nymphs amaz'd, my melancholy see,
And " Thyrsis!" cry—" what will become of thee?
What would'st thou, Thyrsis? such should not appear
The brow of youth, stern, gloomy, and severe;
Brisk youth should laugh, and love—ah, shun the fate
Of those, twice wretched mopes! who love too late!"

" Go, go, my lambs, unpastur'd as ye are,
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
Ægle with Hyas came to soothe my pain,
And Baucis' daughter, Dryope the vain,
Fair Dryope, for voice and finger neat
Known far and near, and for her self-conceit;
Chloris too came, whose cottage on the lands,
That skirt the Idumanian current, stands;
But all in vain they came, and but to see
Kind words and comfortable, lost on me.

" Go, go, my lambs, unpastur'd as ye are,
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
Ah, blest indiff'rence of the playful herd,
None by his fellow chosen, or preferr'd!
No bonds of amity the flocks enthrall,
But each associates, and is pleas'd with all;
So graze the dappled deer in num'rous droves,
And all his kind alike the zebra loves;
The same law governs, where the billows roar,
And Proteus' shoals o'erspread the desert shore;

The sparrow, meanest of the feather'd race,
His fit companion finds in ev'ry place,
With whom he picks the grain, that suits him best,
Flirts here and there, and late returns to rest.
And whom if chance the falcon make his prey,
Or hedger with his well-aimed arrow slay,
For no such loss the gay survivor grieves;
New love he seeks, and new delight receives.
We only, an obdurate kind, rejoice,
Scorning all others, in a single choice,
We scarce in thousands meet one kindred mind,
And if the long-sought good at last we find,
When least we fear it, Death our treasure steals,
And gives our heart a wound, that nothing heals.

[*To be concluded.*]

SONG.

Sweet girl, what means thy timid eye,
When humbly at thy feet I kneel?
What means the half-suppress'd reply?
What! canst thou doubt the love I feel?

Cloud not Love's heav'n with doubt and fear,
Think me not like a summer's sea;
But oh! believe that soul sincere
Which warmly, fondly doats on thee.

Thou'st heard of man's betraying art,
And think'st *one*'s crime the crime of *all*;
But mine is not th'ungen'rous heart
To triumph in an angel's fall.

Oh! could I see that lovely face
Flush'd with the hue of guilty shame?
Or view those eyes of mildest grace
Hot-sparkling with a harlot's flame?

Oh! no! then boldly trust my love;
Myself from ill thy steps will keep,
And, like thy guardian God's above,
My faithful eye shall never sleep.

March 12, 1806.

PARODY ON SIR WM. JONES'S ODE—

"What constitutes a state."

What constitutes a college?
Not trencher-caps, nor gowns with draggled tail;
Not Fellows, who their whole age
Give to the joys of algebra and ale;

Not solemn mathematics,
With all the train of angles, curves, and lines,
With simples and quadratics,
So stiffly arm'd with plus and minus signs;

Not Proctors, nor their Engines,*
Who prowl the streets with fix'd and horrid glare,
Portending direst vengeance
To many a jovial youth and frank-soul'd fair:

But Gyps, curs'd harpy-Gyps,
Who when a Freshman comes, full-purs'd and gay,
In rapture lick their lips,
And drain him dry, and send him stript away.

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* Proctors' Men.

A POEM

for the Anniversary of the Literary Fund, April 20, 1809.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE, B. D.

*** The Founder of this Society having intimated a hope that, on a Plan which he has already communicated to his particular Friends, its Funds may be sufficiently ample to afford assistance and relief to learned Officiating Clergymen in distress, though they may not actually have commenced Authors, the Author, in allusion to this hope, has introduced into a Poem which he is preparing for the press the following character of a learned Divine in distress.

A MAN so learned you shall seldom see,
A man so honour'd, yet so griev'd as he!
Not in his years alone, though his appear
Dark and more dark, severer on severe;
Not in his need, and yet we all must grant
How painful 'tis for feeling age to want;
Nor in the body's sufferings—yet we know
There Time has plough'd, there Misery loves to sow;
But in the wearied mind, that all in vain
Wars with distress, and struggles with its pain.
His Father saw his powers—"I'll give," quoth he,
"My first-born learning, 'twill a portion be"——
Unhappy gift!—sad portion for a son!
But 'twas his all: he learn'd, and was undone!
Oh! had he learn'd to make the wig he wears,
To throw the shuttle, or command the shears,
Or the strong boar-skin for the saddle shap'd,
What pangs, what terrors had the man escap'd!
He once had hope,—hope ardent, lively, light,
His feelings pleasant, and his prospects bright;
Eager of fame, he read, he thought, he wrote,
Weigh'd the Greek page, and added note on note:

At morn, at ev'ning, at his work was he,
And dream'd what his EURIPIDES would be.
Then care began—he lov'd, he woo'd, he wed,
Hope cheer'd him still, and Hymen bless'd his bed;
A Curate's bed—then came the woeful years,
The Husband's terrors, and the Father's tears:
A Wife grown feeble, pining, mourning, vex'd
With wants and woes—by daily cares perplex'd;
No more a Help, a smiling, soothing Aid,
But boding, drooping, sickly, and afraid.
Behold his dwelling!—this poor hut he hires,
Where he from view, but not from want retires;
Where four fair daughters, and five sorrowing sons,
Partake his sufferings, and dismiss his Duns.
All join their efforts, and in patience learn
To want the comforts they aspire to earn;
For the sick Mother something they'd obtain
To soothe her grief, and mitigate her pain;
For the sad Father something they'd procure
To ease the burden they themselves endure.
Virtues like these at once delight and press
On the fond Father with a proud distress;
On all around he looks with care and love,
Griev'd to behold, but happy to approve.
Then from his care, his love, his grief, he steals,
And by himself an Author's pleasure feels;
Each line detains him, he omits not one,
And all the sorrows of his state are gone—
Alas! e'en then, in that delicious hour,
He feels his fortune, and laments its pow'r.
Some Tradesman's bill his wandering eyes engage,
Some scrawl for payment thrust 'twixt page and page;
Some bold, loud rapping at his humble door,
Some surly message he has heard before,
Awake, alarm, and tell him he is poor!
Pity a man so good, so mild, so meek,
At such an age should have his bread to seek;

And all those rude and fierce attacks to dread,
That are more harrowing than the want of bread;
Ah! who shall whisper to that misery, peace,
And tell with truth that insolence shall cease?
But why not publish?—those who knew too well,
Dealers in Greek, are fearful 'twill not sell;
Then he himself is timid, troubled, slow,
Nor likes his labours, nor his griefs to shew;
The hope of fame may in his heart have place,
But he has dread and horror of disgrace;
Nor has he that confiding easy way,
That might his learning and himself display;
But to his work he from the world retreats,
And frets and glories o'er the fav'rite sheets.
But see the man himself—and sure I trace
Signs of new joy exulting in that face!
Hope in those eyes——" We err, or we discern
Life in thy looks—the reason may we learn?"
——"Yes," he replied,——
" I'm pleas'd; for know ye, there do now combine
" The worthiest natures in the best design,
" To aid the letter'd poor, and soothe such ills as mine,
" We who more keenly feel the world's contempt,
" And from its miseries are the least exempt;
" But now to many a heart shall whisper peace,
" And many a daily, cruel care shall cease.
" Yes, I am taught that Men who think, who feel,
" Unite, the pains of thoughtful Men to heal;
" Not with disdainful pride, whose bounties make
" The needy curse the benefits they take;
" Not with the idle vanity that knows
" Only a selfish joy when it bestows;
" Not with o'erbearing wealth, that in disdain
" Hurls useless treasure on the couch of pain;
" But these are Men who yield such blest relief,
" That with the grievance they destroy the grief;
" Their timely aid the needy suff'rers find,
" Their gen'rous manner soothes the suff'ring mind;

" Theirs is a gracious bounty form'd to raise
" Him whom it aids—their Charity is praise;
" A common bounty may relieve distress,
" But whom the vulgar succour, they oppress;
" This, though a favour, is an honour too;
" Though Mercy's duty, yet 'tis Merit's due:
" When our reliefs from such resources rise,
" All painful sense of obligation dies:
" The grateful feelings, not the galling live;
" For 'tis their off'ring, not their alms, they give.
" Long may these founts of Charity remain;
" And never shrink, but to be fill'd again!
" True!—to the Author they are now confin'd,
" To him who gave the treasures of his mind,
" His time, his health—and thankless found Mankind;
" But there is hope that from these founts may flow
" A side-way stream, and equal good bestow;
" Good that may reach us, whom the day's distress
" Keeps from the fame and peril of the press;
" Whom study beckons from the ills of life,
" And they from study, melancholy strife!
" Who then can say, but bounty now so free,
" And so diffus'd, may find its way to me?
" Yes, I may see my decent table yet
" Cheer'd with the meal that adds not to my debt;
" May talk of those to whom so much we owe,
" And guess their names, whom yet we may not know;
" Blest, we shall say, are those who thus can give,
" And next who thus upon the bounty live;
" Then shall I close with thanks our humble meal,
" And feel so well—oh, God! how I shall feel!"

THE DRAMA.

THE GREEK DRAMA.

[*Continued from p.* 363.]

HAVING exhibited in a former Drama the ignominious flight of Xerxes to his country after his unsuccessful invasion of Greece, Æschylus has represented in his Agamemnon the triumphant return of a hero from the demolition of the power of his enemies, and his subsequent assassination by his wife. The fable of this play is simple, and the action skilfully managed by the author, although it had been as well, perhaps, if the appearance of Agamemnon, for whom our interest is excited from the opening of the drama, had not been so long delayed. Our expectation is raised, but at length we become weary of expecting: the business of the play moves forward with languor and tediousness, until it is accelerated by the arrival of him, who is destined to relieve our solicitude, and satisfy our expectation.

This part, however, is not deficient in poetical beauties. The absence of interest and bustle is of course in a great measure supplied by the songs of the chorus. Of these the principal one contains a descriptive account of the Trojan war, with digressions to other subjects, with which it was connected: it is perhaps too much laboured, but at the same time it is richly poetical, and has at least the negative merit of not being introduced unseasonably. The other choral odes are little inferior; and no inconsiderable talent is exerted in the speeches of the Herald, who relates the destruction of Troy, and the arrival of Agamemnon: they are natural and animated, and altogether worthy of the writer who had described the battle of Salamis.

Of the characters of the tragedy the most striking are those of Clytemnestra and Cassandra. Agamemnon himself is rather an insipid personage: his appearance is looked for with anxiety, but is scarcely worth so long an expectation. It is not perhaps eminently deficient,

but it is not eminently great: he appears in the drama merely to be murdered, and when murdered, is forgotten. His character, while living, is not elevated by those masterly touches of art, which might have been expected from such a writer employed upon such a hero, and which might have increased our compassion and indignation at his death: he is not many degrees above the "gracious Duncan." Clytemnestra exceeds even Lady Macbeth in boldness and ferocity; but her character is not drawn with that exquisite art, which distinguishes the murderess of Shakspeare. If she is bold and ferocious, it is merely the boldness and ferocity of a brute: she advances straight forward in her purpose without fear or perturbation, but without discovering that superiority of talent, which is manifested by Lady Macbeth in removing the difficulties which obstructed her designs. The character, however, is strong and consistent.

But the best character in this drama is that of Cassandra, the unfortunate Trojan Princess, who, in the division of the booty, had fallen to the share of Agamemnon, and with him returned to Mycenæ. No character, perhaps, ever afforded a better scope of exertion for all the noble variety of genius; and it has been introduced by three of the greates tragedians that ever existed, by Æschylus, Euripides, and Shakspeare. Here then we might look for an opportunity of comparing their respective talents: but unfortunately Shakspeare has not done justice to a character, which, had he chosen, he might have worked up to excellence, and which Æschylus and Euripides have laboured to the utmost of their abilities, and with a success commensurate to their exertion.

The Cassandra of Shakspeare is introduced in two scenes only, and even in those the author has not very greatly exerted himself. It was not so necessary to the main object of his play, which was to exhibit the loves of Troilus and Cressida, and he has therefore dismissed her from his hands, seemingly with no other emotion than that of satisfaction at removing her out of the way.

And yet, after all, it is Shakspeare, and Shakspeare "was always great, when some great occasion was offered

him." The first scene of his Cassandra is so exquisite, and at the same time so short, that I shall transcribe it, in order that it may in *some* degree serve as a standard of comparison with the Greek Tragedies:

"Enter Cassandra, raving.

" *Cass.* Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
" And I will fill them with prophetic tears.
" *Hect.* Peace, sister, peace.
" *Cass.* Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,
" Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
" Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
" A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
" Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
" Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
" Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.
" Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:
" Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.
" [*Exit.*"

Æschylus himself could not surpass this. Cassandra's other scene is greatly inferior to this; and though the principal speech in it, which consists of a prediction of Hector's death, is noble and interesting, it is not to be admitted to a comparison with the mad prophetess of Æschylus or Euripides.

But to Euripides and Æschylus let us return. In both these tragedians, the character of Cassandra is interesting, pathetic, and sublime: in both it is an exquisite picture of a mad princess, inspired with the power of prophecy, but who sees in the volume of futurity nothing but the miseries of herself and her friends. The difference of the two characters arises from the difference of time and place. Euripides has represented her in the tent of Agamemnon on the plains of Troy, before his embarkation for his native land: in Æschylus we see her recently arrived with her paramour at Mycenæ, where the adultress Clytemnestra was waiting to ensnare and to destroy them. In Euripides therefore she is intent on her new alliance: she calls for the marriage-torches, and the attendance of her friends at the celebration of the festival: she madly invokes the god, Hymen, to be propitious to a marriage, which, as she herself knew

and declared, was to be replete with misery and death. In Æschylus she laments the near approach of those evils, which she had long foreseen: she describes, sometimes obscurely, and sometimes with minuteness, the time, the manner, and the place of the death of Agamemnon and herself. But it was her fate never to be believed, and the prophecy of death is accomplished without a struggle.

Æschylus has introduced his Cassandra with a long and sullen silence, well calculated to excite at once our curiosity and our admiration. She is invited by Clytemnestra to enter the palace, but disdains to answer her, who was so shortly to be her murderer. When at length she is left alone with the chorus, she bursts out into repeated ejaculations of despair, and lamentable invocations of Apollo, of that god, from whom she had asked and received the ill-fated gift of prophecy. Upon the inquiries of the chorus, she gradually becomes more communicative, till she has disclosed her long and horrible narration of all the past and future miseries of the family of Atreus, a narration, which is in itself beautifully poetical, and interspersed with natural and pathetic lamentations of her own misfortunes, and those of her kindred. Long as the scene is, it never was read perhaps without a wish that it had been longer: it is sufficiently long for the purpose of the author, and is crowded with beauties enough to keep the attention awake, and to prevent that tedium, which is too often produced by scenes of any considerable length. Æschylus has exerted his wonderful talents on this character to the utmost, and with a success equal to his highest ambition; if it was a favourite with its author, there is no doubt of its being equally a favourite with every reader.

With such a pattern before him, it is no wonder that Euripides was inspired with more than usual enthusiasm in delineating his Cassandra; and one cannot but admire that bold ambition, which encouraged him to enter the lists against so successful an antagonist. If Æschylus has contrived to give a good stage-effect to the appearance of Cassandra, by introducing her with a long silence, the prophetess of Euripides enters perhaps with equal effect, though at the same time every appearance of

imitation is entirely avoided. She rushes upon the stage in a paroxysm of madness, and rapt in a momentary transport by the prospect of her approaching nuptials: the ode, with which she is introduced, is eminently beautiful and sublime. Perhaps there is no passage of equal length in the Cassandra of Æschylus which can be compared with this exquisite morsel, although when we proceed to the iambics of Euripides, Æschylus may recover his ground. The former author is apt occasionally to forget the prophetess, and substitute the historian; but with all the vigour, the elegance, and the pathos, with which the calamities of the Trojan war are enumerated, the history of the past should not have taken place of the predictions of futurity.

Upon the whole, it will not be readily asserted that Euripides has excelled his predecessor in his delineation of this noble character: and indeed who can hope to excel Æschylus? If however he is inferior, he is certainly at no degrading distance; and he has managed with admirable skill to avoid all imitation of his great competitor. "The superiority must, I think, though with some hesitation, be given" to Æschylus: by such a poet, however, it is no disgrace to be overcome, and there is still sufficient honour left for Euripides, since it must be acknowledged, that he has advanced very near to his master, and has exhibited in the character of Cassandra a combination of the pathos and sublimity of tragedy, sufficient to place him in the very first rank of dramatic poets.

SHAKSPEARE'S HENRY THE FIFTH.

THERE is no character which Shakspeare has drawn with so much fondness as that of Henry the Fifth. As soon as the course of his historical plays permitted it, he takes it up, and dwells upon it *con amore*, while any possible opportunity of retaining it remains. In Richard the Second, the spirited rake makes his first appearance under no very favourable circumstances; but such as do not exclude the hopes of better days. In Henry the Fourth (1st and 2nd parts,) he appears in the different lights of the gay companion, the generous hero, the wise

king. In Henry the Fifth, all the various feelings of a hero, a patriot king, are pourtrayed in him. In Henry the Sixth, an eulogium is passed upon his memory, and even afterwards his name is employed with effect to bring back Cade's rebels to allegiance. It is an honour to the feelings and opinions of Shakspeare that he so admired and loved this most astonishing character.

BIOGRAPHIA DRAMATICA.

MR. EDITOR,

MR. STEPHEN JONES gave notice, in the Gentleman's Magazine for July 1804, that Mr. Reed had been for some time preparing a new edition of the Biographia Dramatica for the press; but that in consequence of increased infirmity he had accepted Mr. Jones's "humble assistance towards completing his design." After Mr. Reed's death another notice was inserted in vol. 5. p. 104, of the Censura Literaria. The number of the work containing this notice was published some time in 1807; and since that time I have heard nothing further concerning the new edition. Now, Sir, as I find by the four numbers of your New Series already published, that you pay some attention to theatrical affairs, I shall be obliged if any of your correspondents will inform me, through your medium, when the work may be expected; and in case Mr. Jones is not proceeding with it, in whose hands the manuscript collections of the late Mr. Reed are?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

E. H.

April 10, 1809.

EXTRACTS FROM THE INSPECTOR.

THE following passages are extracted from the Inspector, a diurnal paper, written solely by the laborious Dr. Hill. The first will shew the good-nature of Colley Cibber; and some of the others we recommend to the consideration of our present theatrical managers.

"I am sufficiently aware that modern names are much less pompous and less sounding than those of Socrates and Epaminondas, and that great actions appear much greater, when seen through the mist of a length of years; yet under all these advantages, I shall not scruple to place in the same list of fame with these venerable Greeks, the English Laureat: the whole conduct and deportment of this amiable veteran in a late sickness, in which death was every instant before his eyes, was uniformly calm, uninterruptedly easy, every breath seemed to say,

Vixi, et quem dederat cursum fortuna peregi;

and every accent to the convincing all about him that himself was the only person unconcerned at what seemed approaching.

In what appeared to himself, as well as to those who had the care of him in his last moments, he was visited, among a multitude of other truly afflicted intimates, by Mr. Jones, the cruelly treated author of a tragedy which has not yet appeared. The dying friend took him tenderly by the hand, asked him with a faltering voice, what was his christian name, and asked for pen, ink, and paper. The tears of Jones declared his supposing him delirious, but what was his amazement after a few moments, to read in the paper which he delivered to him, desiring him to give it to the Duke of Grafton, the following sentiments:

May it please your Grace,

I know no better way of repaying your favours of the twenty last years of my life, than by recommending the bearer, Mr. Henry Jones, to the vacant laurel: my Lord Chesterfield can tell you more of him. I do not yet know the last moment of my life, but while I live I shall ever be

Your Grace's most oblig'd
And most devoted humble servant,
COLLEY CIBBER.

The Nobleman to whom this was delivered has done its author the honour to preserve it in a frame, as a testimony of his esteem; and the Inspector is not afraid to

declare it his opinion, that it wants only to have been written in Greek or Latin two thousand years ago to be reverenced at this time, as a first testimony of Spartan courage or of Roman virtue."

"Perfect accident, about a fortnight since, threw me this way into a party of about half a dozen at a coffee-house, among whom I could not but single out one person, at that time an intire stranger to me. His peculiar diffidence had, from the first moment of my sitting down with them, influenced me greatly in his favour; and his right to a more assured deportment, when it afterwards occasionally appeared in the course of our conversation, rendered that diffidence infinitely more amiable.

I could not but wonder, in this prattling age, at a man's saying so little, who was better qualified to speak than those to whom he attended; and whether it be that modesty is at this time a more rare virtue than most of the others, or that it is in itself more amiable than any of them, I do not know that I have ever found myself so strongly prejudiced in favour of a man at sight on any former occasion.

Though it is a point with me to be easy in my acquaintances, no man is so careful in the selecting his friends: I should have been much disappointed to have found this new favourite an improper person to have ranked among the number of them; but I had no fears on that head. I do not know how to say what was my surprise, at hearing, on an enquiry who he was, that he had appeared with success for two seasons on the Irish stage, and was in a few days to play a capital character at one of our own theatres.

I am sorry I have occasion to observe, that modesty is not a virtue much in fashion with any class of people in this age; and that of all persons the players are the least eminent for it. It gave me a strange partiality for a man, in whom I was conscious there must be great merit to see that himself wanted that consciousness: he was surprised at the honour I did him, so he chose to express himself, in claiming his acquaintance; and I have had a pleasure ever since in his conversation,

which gives me no mean idea of that the public will have from his appearance.

The world can entertain no suspicion of my having an unfair partiality to a man who has had no recommendation to me but his own good qualities; and I may therefore venture to speak my opinion of him freely. How far practice and experience may have qualified him for so arduous a task as the appearing gracefully on the stage, I am yet to learn; but if a happiness of figure, a great command of voice, a good understanding, and a liberal education, are the requisites for laying a foundation for excellences in a performer, the public will see, in Mr. Mossop, one who at least promises at some time to deserve their applause.

I am glad of an opportunity of doing this public justice to a person, who is, in a day or two, to attempt one of the most difficult things in that difficult profession; in a country where he is a stranger, and almost wholly without friends or acquaintance; and who will want the support of an audience, merely because he deserves it. That diffidence in his abilities, which above almost all other considerations ought to recommend him to the favour of his judges, is the very circumstance, in his attempt, that will make him have the most occasion for that favour.

I do not know whether to congratulate or tremble for a man, in whose success I shall have so rational a pleasure, that he has an opportunity of shewing himself under the advantage of so capital a part: I am glad, however, to find we have one in power in the theatre, who dares give up so eminent a character of his own in the attempt; and am not without hope, from this incident, that Mr. Garrick will give me occasion, in the course of the winter, to speak as warmly of him as a manager as I have often done as a performer.

The care of our posterity seems to have been for some ages past at as low an ebb among the princes of the stage, as those of the greater world: that it may last their time to their satisfaction, seems to have been the whole concern of the most consummate statesmen in both situations; and in regard to the stage, there seems indeed to have been a yet more unjustifiable spirit of

self-love predominant: the monarchs of this little government seem indeed not to have left to chance the care of their successors, but to have been at some pains to provide that they should have no successors at all. Like the collectors of medals, who if there were but two of a kind in the world, would be at any risk or expence to steal and destroy that which was in some other collection, in order to make their own the more rare and valuable, the former managers of these entertainments took care to keep down every attempt of rising merit, that they might not only have the credit of being the greatest players of their own time, but that their fame might be increased by the defects of all who attempted to succeed them.

The world did not see, that, in the days of the great Theatrical Triumvirate, these heroes took care to keep every character of consequence between them; or, at best, while people were charmed with the performance of the parts under their hands, their eyes were not open to the consequences. But no sooner did Booth drop, than there was an end of the monarchs and heroes on the stage; the last lover breathed out his soul when Wilks's left his lips; and when Cibber declined it, there was not a man that could play a villain: in short, the stage afforded nobody qualified for more than the character of a Rossano; and many years passed before the theatre was brought to a condition in which a man of judgment could be entertained at it.

It is an unlucky step sometimes to set an example, when a man does not intend to follow it: I hope the manager under whose conduct my young friend has fallen, intends to pursue this plan, and occasionally give up some more of those characters which I don't suppose any body will ever play so well as himself. A conduct of this kind will be the rational means of giving us a succession of people to whom we may attend with satisfaction, whenever he shall leave the stage; and it is so much the interest of the public he should follow it, that if he does not voluntarily do so, I shall venture now and then to put him in mind of the obligation.

I have that opinion of Mr. Garrick's candour, that

I don't imagine he would thrust a man whom he affects to patronize, and whose interests are indeed his own, into a part in which he knew he would be contemptible; and I think better of his judgment than to suppose the person whom he looks on as able to appear with decency in a character, of which his own manner of performing has made us such perfect judges, can want even very considerable abilities. The manager's part, so far as I can see into the polity of a theatre, is fairly done; he has given us a performer, who, as such, stands recommended by his own tacit approbation, and who, as a man, will recommend himself, I hope, to every person of candour and judgment as much as he has to the Inspector."

"A gentleman in a suit of pale grey, embroidered with black silk, and decorated with buttons of black and silver, fell into the same box with me last night at the play. I was struck with the remark of a sensible foreigner on the occasion, that "nobody but an Englishman would attempt to be fine in mourning." The observation gave me the more pain, as it came from the mouth of a Frenchman; a people whom we have been used to suppose infinitely our superiors in foppery.

I wish the same sort of impropriety does not run through many other of our actions, while we are as blind to it as in this. I have, in real life, seen a pleader at the bar commissioned with instructions, on his inforcing of which the life or fortune of his client has depended, obscure the facts, that could alone be of service, with such a cloud of oratory, that those have been pleased and confounded, who should have been convinced; and a jury of plain men have given their verdict exactly counter to his intent, while they wondered at his talents. On the stage also, where the genius of the poet has had more time for deliberation, I have been often out of patience to see a whole audience of princes eager to know the event of some important action, delayed by a description of a desert or a whirlwind with which the messenger has chosen to introduce it; or a couple of lovers, who

had just given some tyrant the slip, and got an opportunity of making an escape, delaying their flight for a simile.

" While I admire in Barry the quick conception, the strong expression, and the true taste of Julio Romano; while I hang upon the expression of his eyes, when tenderness is the passion to be described by them; and while in the several parts of a history, or through the varied scenes of an interesting tragedy, I am at once surprized and charmed with the choice of attitudes in both, I cannot be blind to the defects that stain as well the painting as the scene: there was always what the judges call a dryness, a hardness in the painter, and the same foible now and then discloses itself in the less guarded moments of the player: neither the one nor the other seem to have been perfect masters of the doctrine of lights and shadows, and both are therefore sometimes extravagant, and not always graceful: this happy difference, however, appears between them, that while the arrogance of the painter esteemed his faults as excellences, the player, equally capable of giving advice to himself, and of receiving it from others, will soon scandalize all criticism by annihilating the foibles that gave it origin.

The genius, the soul of Titian, is revived in Garrick; both give us not resemblances, but realities: they do not represent, but create, upon the canvass or upon the scene; and what from others we would admire as representations, we read in these as actions. There is in the performance of this player, all the delicacy of taste, and all the dignity of expression that we reverence in the painter: his figures, where the subject gives him scope, are noble almost beyond imagination, his attitudes the most strictly appropriated to the sensations that inspire them, and his colouring, to borrow a metaphor from the sister-art to express an excellence for which the other has yet no word of its own, is the greatest that we ever did or ever must expect to see. With all the sweetness and delicacy of his imagery, there is a glow of fire and freedom that at once surprizes and charms his audience, and, like

his brother artist, he excells all men who have ever been eminent, in the peculiar distinguishing touches which separate passion from passion; and thence give at once the greatest spirit and the strictest truth to the representation. I shall hardly venture to affirm that there is no foible in any of the pieces given us by either of these artists; but there is a blaze of majesty and beauty throughout the works of both, that at once engrosses the whole eye, and with its superior lustre dims what may be less worthy praise till it becomes indiscernable.

While Bellamy assumes the piety, the tenderness, and the sorrows of a Cordelia, or heightens the repentance of a Shore, we own that Tintoret has done some pictures equal to Corregio. The first of these is the painter to whom I would resemble this rising actress, the latter only breathes in Cibber. No woman ever excelled Miss Bellamy in the requisites from nature, and were but her love to the profession, her application to its necessary studies, and her patience in going through the difficulties that lie in the road to eminence in it, equal to her abilities, she would have few equals. The outlines of her figures are sometimes faulty, but the colouring always pleases.

All that Corregio executed by the pencil we see in real life from Mrs. Cibber; the strength of lights and shadows, of the glaring and the obscure, are equal in the representations of both, but were never equalled by any other in either art. The dignity of sorrow, and the natural and unaffected graces which that artist gives to his Madonas, this lady diffuses over the whole figure in the tragic scene that requires it: we are equally struck by both: we see nothing like either; and we admire the execution while we have no conception of the manner in which it is performed. The strength and heightening are alike admirable in each, and the consummate sweetness only to be rivalled by the expressive strength of the colouring. In the conduct and finishing their pieces, both have done wonders; and as the pictures of Corregio are so equal in their several parts, that, though the labour of years, they seem to have been finished in one day, so the longest characters of this actress are so

uniform throughout, that it is evident there are no careless absences, no false extravagances in any part, but that the whole is the resemblance of one temper actuated, though under various circumstances, by one passion.

In Mrs. Pritchard one sees revived the extensive powers of Hannibal Carrache: while we pursue her through the varied forms she assumes, we cannot but acknowledge the character of Corregio, the fire of Titian, and the dignity of Raphael: this lady, of all the players, as that master, of all the painters, comes nearest the character of an universal genius.

Woodward strikes the judicious eye with a strong resemblance of Paul Veronese: he has all the vivacity and ease of that great painter, and fully equals him in his fancy for the singular and the shining in his draperies; but, as he shares his beauties, he is not without his faults. His composition is sometimes improper, and his design always incorrect; but with these blemishes, however, his colouring is so well calculated to catch the eye, that he never fails to strike at first sight, and makes so happy an impression on the generality of an audience, that they never perceive what is deficient.

Though last, not the least in my esteem, Macklin shall be produced; nor must those who judge superficially, be surprized when they see me call forth for his parallel Michael Angelo. It must be confessed of this great painter, that the choice of his attitudes was, though never unjust, not always pleasing: that his taste in design was not the most minutely fine, nor his outlines the most elegant; that he was sometimes extravagant in his conceptions, and bold even to rashness in his execution: perhaps the player of the parallel inherits some tincture of these faults; but to compensate, he has all his excellences. He knows the foundation of the art better than them all: he designs, if less beautifully than some, more accurately than any: he better understands the nature of the human frame, and the situation and power of its muscles than any man who ever played, nor has any man ever understood it like him as a science: there is an air of truth in all his figures, a greatness and severity in many of

them that demand the utmost praise: and in the whole, if nature has qualified him less for shining in some of the mosst conspicuous parts than many, none has fewer faults."

THE THEATRES.

KING'S THEATRE.

APRIL.

1. I Villeggiatori Bizzari. Les Jeux Floraux. Don Quichotte.

4. Id. Id. Id.

P. La Caccia di Enrico IV. Id. Id.

11. Id. Id. Id. (1)

13. Madame Collini's Benefit. A new melodrama opera, carattere Inglise, entitled TERESA E CLAUDIO. (2) The music by Farinelli. A favourite Divertissement. Le Mariage Secret. (3)

15. La Caccia di Enrico IV. Id. Id.

18. The first act of I Villeggiatori Bizzari. Teresa e Claudio. Id. Id.

22. I Villeggatori Brizzari. Id. Id.

25. La Caccia di Enrico IV. Id. Don Quichotte.

(1) Monsieur and Madame Deshayes not having been asked to dance on the last three nights of the Drury Lane Company at this theatre did not obtrude themselves; but the public mistaking this for a refusal to do so, hissed their appearance to-night, when Deshayes rushed into his dressing-room and swore he would never *set his foot* on the stage again. We will not be certain whether he "called to his vallet, Jerningham, Jerningham, bring me my garters." His wife, more prudent, addressed the audience in French, who were soon appeased, and so was Deshayes; and the dance proceeded. The next morning Monsieur and Madame inserted an explanatory advertisement, in which they "returned thanks to the *nobility and gentry* who kindly took their part during a temporary misunderstanding from a part of the *spectators*."

(2) The great merit of this opera is that it has only one act. It is said to be taken from an English novel with a similar title; we know not whence it comes; but we very well know whither it has gone. The scene of the opera is English, and we being grave folks, of course the opera itself is serious. From the second and last performance of this opera, which is the only one we attended, it appeared to us that Signor Naldi and Madame Collini had chosen it for their own private amusement. They were just as unfit for their tragic characters as Mrs. Abingdon for Scrub, Mr. Quick for King Richard, or Mr. Liston for Octavian; but their performances seemed vastly entertaining—to themselves. Madame Collini was on the eve of a loud laugh all the night, and Signor Naldi was, with great reason, actually smiling at her. At the end of the opera Signor Naldi went mad; we thought of Mrs. Liston's Tilburina in the Critic. We "never desire to see any body madder!" The curtain fell; and the audience hissed.

(3) The ballet of last season, entitled *Le Mariage Secret*, is not badly got up by the present company. Madlle. Lupino is a tolerable substitute for Madlle. Presle; at any rate, she was the only one the company had, and, Peter Pindar tells us, "*necessitas non habet* LEGS." The long and confining indisposition of Madame Angiolini has banished Vestris to a *pas de seul*, which is with the greatest justice entitled to that appellation, since he is the only person who could execute it.

KING'S THEATRE (DRURY-LANE COMPANY).

APRIL.

3. Douglas. Noval, Mr. Siddons. Glenalvon, Mr. Raymond. Lady Randolph, Mrs. Siddons. Don Quichotte. Weathercock.

6. All in the Wrong. Don Quichotte. Mayor of Garratt, with the Duet of "All's Well," by Masters Doursouset and Huckel.

10. Three and the Deuce. First part of La Semiramide. Don Quichotte. (1)

LYCEUM LARGE THEATRE, STRAND.

11. John Bnll. Prize, Caroline, Miss Kelly. (2)
12. Rivals. Citizen.
13. Soldier's Daughter, Widow Cheerly, Miss Duncan. Rosina.
14. West Indian. Of Age To-morrow.
15. Cabinet. Lorenzo, Mr. J. Smith. Anatomist.
17. Honey Moon. No Song No Supper.
18. Man and Wife. Helen, Miss Ray. Weathercock.
19. Cabinet, Love in a Tub. Virgin Unmasked.
20. Heir at Law. Cicely Homespun, Miss Ray. Deborah Dowlas, Mrs. Sparks. Three Weeks after Marriage. Lady Racket, Miss Duncan.
21. [Never acted.] A new comedy in five acts, called, GRIEVING'S A FOLLY (3). Principal characters by Mr. Siddons, Mr. Bannister, Mr. Dowton, Mr. Johnstone, Mr. Mathews, Mr. De Camp, Mr. Holland, Mr. Powell. Mrs. Powell, Mrs. H. Siddons, Miss Kelly. The Prologue by Mr. Eyre, and the Epilogue by Mr. Bannister. Rosina.
22. Id. Three and the Deuce.
24. Id. Love in a Tub. Mayor of Garratt.
25. Id. Wedding Day. Sir Adam Contest, Mr. Mathews. Lady Contest, Miss Duncan.

(1) There being some difficulty in the engagement of the Lyceum Theatre, which the Drury-Lane Company were to have opened on Easter Monday, they did a wiser thing, and in an advertisement, sufficiently begging, "threw themselves again upon the liberality of the public," and "earnestly solicited their support for *three nights more*," on the last of which they obtained, through the interest of Mr. Taylor, who has received £.600 for his "gratuitous" presentation of the theatre to the company, the assistance of Madame Catalani, when part of the pit was paid for at box-prices, and boxes could be had at no prices. Nothing like an appeal "to the charitable and humane," "to those whom Providence hath blessed with affluence!" The Critic has sometimes been laid on the shelf for want of a good puff. Commend us to any of the Drury-Lane Committee! Mr.

Elliston, spokesman to the whole, made the following *neat* and *appropriate* speech to-night:—"Ladies and Gentlemen, this night our performances at this theatre end; and, in the name of the whole company, I beg leave to return our most sincere, our most *profound*, our most grateful thanks for the patronage we have received, which, *under* the *unfortunate* circumstances* we labour *under*, has enabled us to close with a degree of success unprecedented in the theatrical annals, and to pay *the whole of the salaries up to the present period.* Ladies and Gentlemen, to-morrow evening we shall have the honour of representing at the Lyceum Large Theatre the comedy of John Bull, with the farce of the Prize." "*Unfortunate* circumstances!" what unfortunate circumstances? Have you not "*paid the whole of the salaries up to the present period?*" And have you not for a considerable part of that period, had a respite from your performances? Then you have literally, like your great archetype in the Critic, "lived *upon that fire* a month."

(2) The Lyceum Large Theatre is a hasty and incommodious building: it has all the aspect of a provincial theatre, and must not look to be frequented by all the refinement of this metropolis. In the play of John Bull, Miss Duncan completely mistakes the character of Lady Caroline Braymore, who, though a female fashionist and a coquette, is not a silly school-girl. We do not mention Miss Duncan's too great broadness for the character, since she carries this fault into all her gentlewomen. While we are upon the performances of this night, we cannot help mentioning the very great promise of Miss Kelly in the Caroline of the Prize. We have owed her this notice for some time; and we shall not easily forget the artless and pleasing performance in Lionel and Clarissa, which first introduced her to our attention. All that Miss Kelly wanted in Caroline was confidence, a requisite to the character, which was the more visible from the exuberance of that quality in her predecessor in the part, Mrs. C. Kemble.

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* Burnt out and lost our little all." *Puff.*

(3) This is the comedy of Mr. Leigh of Bexley. It is presented *gratuitously* to the company; and this word we are not to understand in the sense of Mr. Taylor of the King's Theatre, or in the Scotch sense, which we are told means that the donor has had a *gratuity* for his gift. The prologue to the comedy seemed to intimate that the circumstances of this presentation, and that its author did not write for reward, should shield it from criticism. From that of the company certainly they should, upon the old principle of not looking a gift horse in the mouth; but with the public Mr. Leigh *does* write for reward; he writes for fame. But will he get it? As a gentleman-amateur, yes; but not as a regular dramatist. His plan is built after the modern flimsy style of architecture; its ground-plot is much too large, and there is great confusion and intricacy in the arrangement of the superstructure; the whole edifice wants compactness and a mutual dependance of parts. To drop the metaphor, the story of the play, instead of coming out in the passing dialogue and action, is obliged to be detailed in narrative; and to witness the representation of Grieving's a Folly is rather to hear a case stated, than to see a play acted. When an author has so long and complicated a story to tell the public, he should impannel a special jury for his audience, and give them the usual fee of one guinea each for their time and attention. The consequence is that this tedium of narration is obliged to be relieved by a few characters of mere farce: such are those of Mr. Bannister and Mr. Dowton in the present play. The former is a Sylvester Daggerwood turned undertaker: his humour consists in quoting plays, as Dr. Pangloss does general literature; and, as his quotations are for the most part no happier than an actor's usually are, their principal sprightliness consists in naming the title of the play from whence they are quoted, which is contrived to be the most opposite part of the whole quotation. But there is not very much of this; and indeed Mr. Bannister made the part so amusing that we were sorry it appeared so little. The latter character is a counterpart to the old lady in the Funeral; and nothing could equal the humourous extravagance of Mr. Dowton's pretended grief for the loss of his wife: his interview with the female peasant, whom he

wants to impress with a sense of his excessive grief for the loss of a wife, but by whom he is in turn impressed with a sense of excessive desire to take a mistress, was admirably managed; and his alternations of feigned tears and real delight were managed with the skill of Le Texier himself. They had however much of the Frenchman's over-colouring. Mr. Mathews's part was that of an easy, simple, honest countryman, a character which he paints with much nature and feeling, although a brother-critic was wrong in saying "this excellent mimic thinks his forte lies" in such parts. In his table of the precedence of his characters, he very properly begins with the old gentlemen. There is nothing original in Mr. Leigh's play: the part of Caleb Quotem may be mentioned as another of the undertaker's archetypes; and as the plot of the piece is long enough for a novel, so it is just what we should expect to find in a novel: Congreve, Vanbrugh, Farquhar and Cibber did not write thus!

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMAKET (COVENT GARDEN COMPANY).

MARCH.

21. Speed the Plough. Poor Soldier.
22. A Grand Selection of Sacred Music.
23. Wheel of Fortune. Blind Boy.
24. A Grand Selection of Sacred Music.
25. Exile. Portrait of Cervantes.

APRIL.

3. Richard the Third. De La Perouse.
4. Macbeth. Harlequin and Mother Goose.
5. Man of the World. De La Perouse.
6. King Henry the Eighth. Harlequin and Mother Goose.
7. Merchant of Venice. Id.

8. Mourning Bride. Blind Boy.
10. Hamlet. Harlequin and Mother Goose.
11. Gamester. Lewson, Mr. Brunton. Who Wins?
12. Exile. Raising the Wind.
13. Wheel of Fortune. Review.
14. Merry Wives of Windsor. Tom Thumb.
15. King Henry the Eighth. Quaker.
17. King Richard the Third. Richmond, Mr. Brunton. Harlequin and Mother Goose.
18. Macbeth. Macduff, Mr. Pope. Love A-la-Mode.
19. Exile. De La Perouse.
20. John Bull. Tom Thumb.
21. Man of the World. Egerton, Mr. Claremont. Blind Boy.
22. Stranger. Stranger, Mr. Young. Who Wins?
24. Othello. Harlequin and Mother Goose.
25. Every Man in his Humour. Brainworm, Mr. Blanchard. Rosina. Rosina, (by particular desire) Mrs. Dickons.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

The entertainments of this Amphitheatre are a harlequinade, entitled Fairy Land, Mr. Richer's tight-rope-dancing, and the spectacle of the Black Castle, besides the usual *entre-actes* of horsemanship. The harlequinade is sufficiently amusing; Mr. Bologna's harlequin is well known, and Mr. Laurent's clown is second to none but Grimaldi's; but Mrs. Parker's columbine is too full-blown. The company want better singers; but the actors are good enough, and the stud excellent. Richer's rope-dancing is unrivalled.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Haymarket Company will commence their operations on the 15th of May this year. There are already engaged Mr. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Mathews, Mr. Jones, Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Davenport, Mr. Carles, and Miss Kelly. Mr. Fawcett is not engaged.

There are in rehearsal at the Lyceum two new farces and a new melodrama. One of the farces is a translation by Mr. M. G. Lewis of Brueys' and Palaprat's Grondeur, a scene of which was introduced in the second number of our New Series, and from which Mr. Lewis may probably have derived the idea of translating the whole. Considerable use we believe has been before made of this farce by Sir Charles Sedley's Grumbler. The melodrama is the production of Mr. Eyre of the Company. All these are presents to the Company.

Mr. Dallas has a farce in his pocket.

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